

THE NEW TRANSVAAL



M. C. BRUCE

1/6 NET.

Bemaak aan

DIE UNIVERSITEIT VAN DIE ORANJE VRYSTAAT

deur wyle

Mnr. J. H. Cloete, Prokureur van Clocolan.

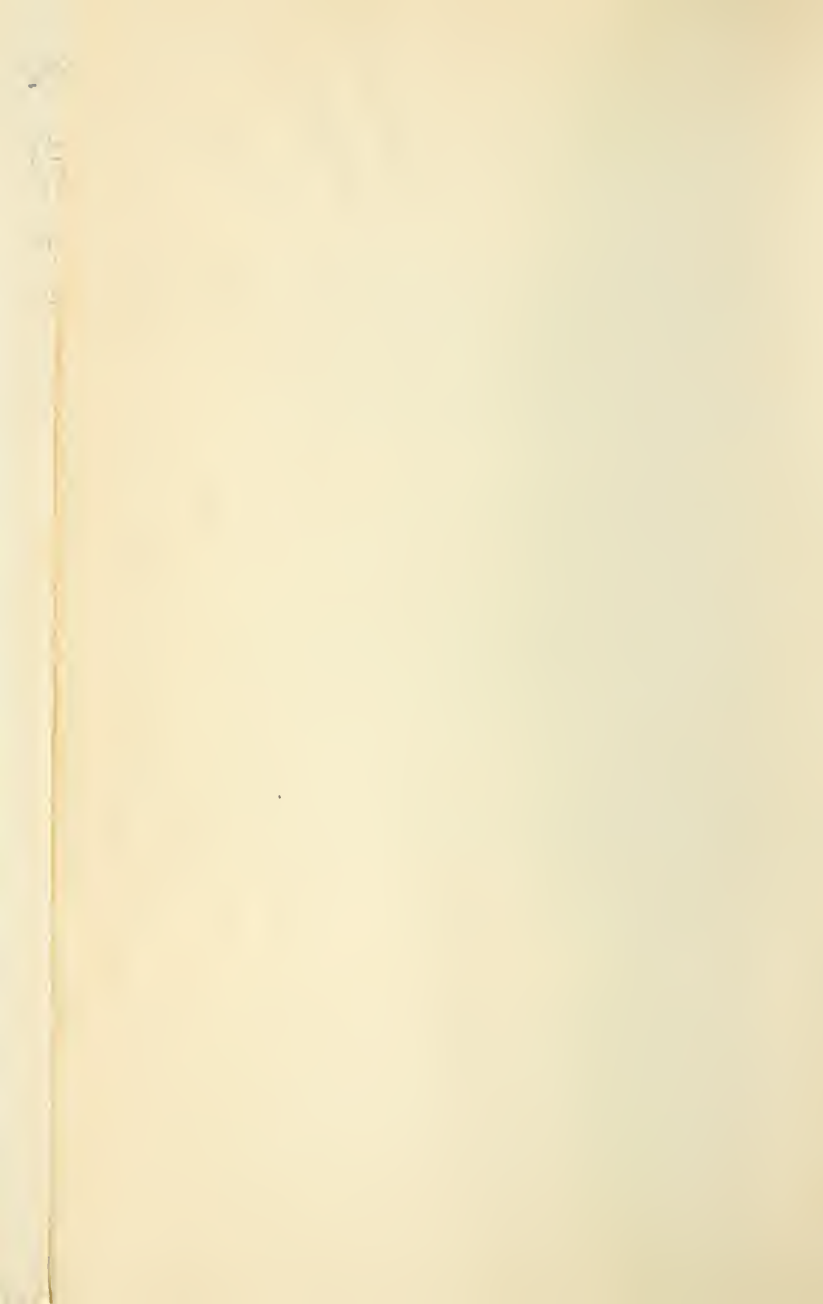


Bequeathed to

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE

by the late

Mr. J. H. Cloete, Attorney of Clocolan.



THE NEW TRANSVAAL

THE NEW TRANSVAAL

BY
M. C. BRUCE



LONDON: ALSTON RIVERS, LIMITED,
BROOKE STREET, HOLBORN BARS, E.C.
MCMVIII.

BRADBURY, AGNEW & CO. LD., PRINTERS.
LONDON AND TONBRIDGE

DT
917
B83n

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.



TO THE MAN IN THE STREET.

DEAR SIR,—After a stay of almost five years in the Transvaal, I should like to give you a few notes on the state of affairs there. For several reasons. Everyone knows that you, the man in the street, are a very busy person. You have your own way to make in the world, and in these overcrowded islands it is often a painfully difficult way. How, then, can you be expected to find time to acquire much knowledge of affairs of state in a land six thousand miles away, where conditions are so completely different from those you are accustomed to, as to be almost beyond your imagination? Yet for us in that land comes in this bitter touch of irony. Our fate depends largely on you, the man in the street, who do not know our surroundings, or our conditions of life, or, in fact, anything about us. It was you by your vote at the last election who handed us back to the rule of the Dutch.

An eminent Dutchman told me a story of Mark Twain. Some years ago, Mr. Clemens was in South Africa, and the Dutchman asked him his opinion on South African affairs. "Well," replied Mark Twain, "after I had been in Cape Town a week and had heard both sides of the question, I thought I had mastered it. Then I went to Kimberley and met with a totally different view. Up in Buluwayo

there was quite another story, and in Johannesburg a different opinion held sway, while in Pretoria I might as well have been in another country. When I reached Bloemfontein——” “Yes?” said the Dutchman, “what conclusion did you come to?” “Well,” said Mark Twain, “the only conclusion I could arrive at was, that the South African question was a very good subject for a fool to let alone.”

I agree with Mark Twain that the subject is a very difficult one, but not on that account to be shirked.

“The New Transvaal” is not meant for people who have the leisure to read Sir Percy Fitzpatrick’s “Transvaal from Within,” or Mr. Lionel Phillips’ “Transvaal Problems,” or Mr. Archibald Colquhoun’s able work on South Africa. It is offered in tabloid form to the man who does most of his reading in a tram or train, and for that reason I have tried to keep it light and easy of digestion. I write from my point of view of the things I saw, of the things I did and that other people did, and I have finished by presenting a critical situation as clearly as I could.

I do not ask you to accept my views, or even to admire them, or to like the book, but I do want you to read it and to rouse yourselves from your apathy towards the affairs of your brothers in South Africa. You have much power in your hands as rulers of the Empire, and in order to exercise your power with wisdom and justice, you must understand that Empire.

Yours in all good faith,

M. C. BRUCE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY LETTER	V
CHAPTER I.—FROM CAPE TOWN TO JOHANNESBURG .	1
„ II.—JOHANNESBURG AND JOHANNESBURGERS	7
„ III.—THE DUTCH POINT OF VIEW . .	15
„ IV.—LABOUR: BLACK, WHITE OR YELLOW?	22
„ V.—THE DEPARTING CHINESE . . .	28
„ VI.—THE DUTCH AS I SAW THEM . .	35
„ VII.—THE OLD DUTCH CAPITAL . . .	43
„ VIII.—THE TEACHERS OF THE TRANSVAAL .	50
„ IX.—THE WOMEN OF THE TRANSVAAL .	58
„ X.—THE JEWS OF JOHANNESBURG . .	69
„ XI.—INDUSTRIES—PRESENT AND FUTURE .	73
„ XII.—AN AFRICAN BATTLEFIELD . . .	84
Reproduced by kind permission of the “Aberdeen Journal.”	
„ XIII.—THE INTERDEPENDENCE OF THE FIVE COLONIES	90
„ XIV.—FIXED IDEAS	99
„ XV.—THE PRESENT POSITION	104
VALEDICTORY LETTER	113

THE NEW TRANSVAAL.

CHAPTER I.

FROM CAPE TOWN TO JOHANNESBURG.

THE days have now gone past when a church council could send a missionary to South Africa, as once happened, to the hilarity of the sub-continent, with orders to preach at Cape Town in the morning, at East London in the afternoon, and at Durban in the evening. Yet the size of our South African possessions is but dimly grasped by the majority of people, and the variety of climate in the different colonies, with a corresponding influence on the character of the inhabitants, is simply ignored. Especially by Downing Street.

On my return to England after a long stay in Africa, I was struck by the extraordinary lack of knowledge of the geography of that country. I was told by a lady, with a sigh of sorrow: "Ah, yes, my brother died of enteric on the outskirts of Johannesburg." I asked sympathetically at which particular spot, and she named a town five hundred miles away, in the Orange River Colony. Another friend wished to know if Smith in Maritzburg often met Jones of the Bechuanaland Police. I retaliated by asking if he, Mackenzie of Edinburgh, often came across my friend Van der Merwe, who lives in Belgium.

From Cape Town to Johannesburg is a little over

a thousand miles, and an express train takes two days and two nights to cover that distance. The Imperial Mail running once a week does it in forty-five hours. From Johannesburg to the Victoria Falls, with a less direct line of railway, takes five days and five nights. From Durban to Johannesburg by the marvellously constructed Natal Government Railway, which runs by preference over the tops of mountains, round corners and up precipices, takes twenty-four hours, the distance being about equal to that between London and Edinburgh—but the ascent is 6,000 feet.

All lines in the sub-continent lead to Johannesburg, for no political party can alter the fact that Johannesburg is the heart of South Africa and gold mining its one support—as yet. Touch that industry in the slightest degree, and the result is felt to every coast-town; tap it, and the country languishes to its extremest point. One town, however, stands by itself—Kimberley, independent by reason of its diamond mines.

To get some idea of the beauty and variety of the country, take a train from Cape Town bound for Johannesburg and start in the early morning. From out the shadow of Table Mountain, across “the Flats,” through well-cultivated country, past Paarl, Ceres, Worcester and other little places. Charming little towns they look, with their white Dutch houses, streets bordered by water-furrows and trees, and all around, huge blue mountains humped up grotesquely.

Then the heat increases; you open the windows and pull the screens across, and when you awake from your first nap, you find yourself high up amongst the mountains.

There is nothing in South Africa to compare in beauty with the Hex River Mountains—at least

nothing accessible to the ordinary traveller. There is nothing in Europe like them, except the Lower Alps, which they much resemble. On both sides, mountains of varied form and exquisite colouring of mauve and pink accompany the railway, and far below lies the narrow valley of the Hex River, dotted with little farmhouses.

Up, up goes the express with two engines in front and one behind. There is no hustle or bustle about this train, and when it stops on the hillside to wait for a dilatory down-country one, the silence is perfect. Then the passengers climb down and get into little groups, almost dismayed at the quiet of the sun-steeped spaces of heath and mountain.

On again. Beaufort West lies asleep on the edge of the karoo, with a slender church steeple stabbing the sky. And the karoo itself under a new moon has all its ugliness and barrenness changed as if by magic into soft browns and fawns, merging into the pink and purple of distant kopjes, which again are topped by sunset streaks of yellow. Then the Southern Cross, "gold on black velvet written," swings over the head of a mountain, and, star by star, takes its appointed place. There is no sign of life at all, except for a startled ostrich that raises its head with the indignant superciliousness of an old English gentleman annoyed beyond bounds by the Cockney trippers trespassing on his property.

You will probably be asleep when the train crosses the bridge spanning the Orange River at Norvals Pont and enters the Orange River Colony. The block-houses at each end of the bridge are reminiscent of the war, and fine specimens of their kind.

At breakfast-time you gaze out on miles and miles of veld, blue-green in the early summer, yellow in winter, boundless, wonderful. Far off, three trees

resembling poplars stand up, and beyond them a flat-topped mountain and its inevitable companion, a cone-shaped spitz-kop, and over all burns a hot blue sky. A similar scene in Northern Europe would be unspeakably lonely and melancholy, but here the brilliant sunshine precludes all feeling of loneliness, and the veld lays on you the first spell of its charm.

A couple of hours later you look up from your book and you see the landscape you saw before—boundless veld, three trees, or maybe five with luck, a table-mountain and a spitz-kop. Lunch follows and you begin to get interested. The train stops at a little station dumped down on the veld. A Cape-cart and two tired mules are waiting in charge of their Kafir driver for a traveller. Further on, you see a saku-bola of sable plumage fly slowly along a dried-up spruit, and wonder how he steers himself against the wind with that heavy tail of his. At tea-time a flock of aasvogels dotting the sky over the spot where a dead horse lies, are vastly interesting. But although you are not tired of it, you begin to wonder when the veld will end. By dinner-time the moon is up, but the landscape remains unchanged, rolling veld, distant table-mountains and spitz-kops. Three hours later you begin to feel desperate. How it ends, when and where it ends, and if it ever will end, are matters for speculation.

By midnight you give up hope. You are in an endless nightmare of rolling veld. There will be no end. Henceforward your life will be passed with veld on every side of you and the arch of the sky above. You pull out your berth and tumble in. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

In all the country the train has passed through since early morning there has been small, if any, trace of cultivation. The whole gives the impression

of being a "no man's land." But every acre of it is owned by some farmer whose farm-house is tucked away in a fold of the veld. From his stoep he surveys with complacency a few hundreds of his six thousand acres; the smoke from no other man's house can be seen—he is lord of all he surveys. In the neighbourhood of the house a few acres are cultivated, and lucerne, mealies, vegetables, and fruit-trees are grown with but little trouble to himself. His wealth, for he is well off, consists of his herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats. As his daughters grow up, they marry at the age of sixteen or seventeen. His sons follow a couple or so of years later; they each get a share of cattle and a farm. The poor relations occupy the position of servants above that of the Kafirs and help in the work of the farm. They build themselves a cottage a little distance off and have won the name of "by-woner."

Now and again a Boer is fired with ambition to till his land and cultivate it like the Britisher, and if there is a good water-supply he may easily be successful. But the question of irrigation is a very difficult one. The rainfall is good, but the torrential floods of summer are not stored and go to swell the underground springs and rivers which, without a doubt, exist. Artesian wells are invariably a success, and dams once made are rarely, if ever, dry, but the expense of boring in a land where labour is so dear, is excessive. Small wonder, then, that the Boer folds his hands and smokes his pipe in peace, and reflects that all is vanity under the sun. If the rearing of cattle and sheep will supply him with all the few necessities of life, why trouble to cultivate the land, seeing that life is short and the veld boundless? Therefore every summer the coarse green grass comes up with a wealth of tiny flowers of mauve

and yellow, and at the end of every winter the farmer burns it down to give the young blades a chance. But cultivation goes for the most part to the wall.

And all the night the train has been running on through the veld. Past Bloemfontein and Kroonstad, past Vereeniging and Canada Junction, until one tall chimney succeeds another, and white "dumping-heaps" proclaim the Rand. Then the train puts on a Flying-Scotchman-London-to-Edinburgh speed, as if it had caught the bustle of Johannesburg by its mere approach to it. At last, beyond a plantation of eucalyptus, the Golden City reveals itself—a squalid suburb of dusty tin-shanties, and towering over these, a mile away, the business buildings of Pritchard and Commissioner Streets, topped by the Corner House. Clanging through a junction, the train runs swiftly into the model station of Park. You step out, wondering. After hundreds of miles of apparently uninhabited veld, you have arrived at a smart, bustling, up-to-date town, caught up, brand new and hardly finished, from Western America, and set down amongst the shanties of the pioneers.

CHAPTER II.

JOHANNESBURG AND JOHANNESBURGERS.

THE first thing to be noticed about Johannesburg is the air. At Cape Town the air was pure, but up here, 6,000 feet above sea-level, it is rarefied and wonderfully clear, when there is no wind. I will not speak about dust storms. They belong chiefly to the end of winter. The sunshine and altitude together produce a feeling of great buoyancy. At the same time they form a combination that becomes dangerous, after a prolonged stay, to people born at a lower altitude, and is responsible for the unbalancing of the minds of many men who at home would be the steadiest of people.

If luck has taken the traveller to the outskirts of Park Town, he sees in the early morning, beyond the emerald green of the macrocarpa hedge of the garden, a blue-green carpet of veld, extending forty miles to meet the Magaliesberg. At that distance these mountains stand out with their curiously notched and rugged outline in perfect distinctness, but of such a liquid and delicate blue as to look hardly real.

Johannesburg gets up early. By 7 a.m. the voice of the coolie is heard in the garden, "Nectarines, paw-paws, grenadillas, bananas, grapes," and the Kafir piccanin shouts the morning papers, "Leadaw—Maily Dail—Maily Daily Mail—Leadaw," and as long as the sound is approximate, it does not matter about the sense.

Four years ago, when the Municipality laid down the scheme for the electric trams, Park Town decreed that it would not have the lines beyond the top of the hill to disturb the patrician quietude of that wealthy suburb. Then bad times came; Park Town gave up its motor cars. Worse times followed; Park Town gave up its carriages. Now it humbly walks to meet the trams, or rides the plebeian cycle up the hill on one side and down the other.

The ride down is quite panoramic. High up are bungalows in their little gardens; the hospital lies to the right; the park spreads its blue-gum trees below. Beyond that and towards the west, stand up the high buildings of the city; and stretching from east to west, the tall chimneys and white dumping-heaps proclaim the long line of mines. A little to the north and east, a glimpse is got of the veld that is absolutely fascinating. It lies dimpling in the sun, sometimes green, sometimes violet, with a distant kopje or two that are quite pink. Gleams and glints of light seem to wave and beckon, and just beyond that, you could swear you saw the sea. It is then that you feel that Africa is a personality. "Lives a woman wonderful," says Kipling; "May the Lord amend her!"

Johannesburg has seen twenty years of crowded life. Very few towns on the face of the globe have had quite so much incident in a similar period. It has produced a certain type of man, and you can always tell a British Johannesburger when you meet him. He is as thin as a darning-needle; he is as alert as a man must be who hourly expects a blow, literally or metaphorically, from behind; his eye is watchful and wary. If he has been in Johannesburg for the last twelve years, you can put him down at

thirty-two, and he has seen everything a man has much chance of seeing in this life. Explosions, conspiracy, raiding, war, battle, murder, plague and sudden death, native risings and projected massacres, booms and slumps—chiefly slumps—have all been in his day's work. He has tackled them all with a resolute heart and come up smiling. He says there is nothing left to happen now except an earthquake and a cyclone. At thirty-five he sits in Parliament as a father of his country, and anyone over forty is a pioneer. He has a wholesome contempt for the Englishman who sits at home at ease, grows fat amongst silk cushions and criticises the colonies. He counts he has put in a better day's work than any one of them. There are no old men in Johannesburg yet—I doubt if there ever will be. For the strenuous life and the altitude bring a swift end, and when the Messenger calls he gives short notice

Johannesburg possesses two charms. The first is its climate; for six months of winter not a drop of rain falls, no cloud dims the azure of the sky; and the six months of summer are tempered by thunderstorms.

Its second charm lies in the variety and strenuousness of life. No one has the faintest idea what a day or an hour may bring forth. There is no time to be dull, and fate gives you no time to be idle. A man hurries into Commissioner Street in the early morning with everybody else. Suddenly a pistol-shot rings out; a hurried rush and a cry that a bank has been held up—Commissioner Street to the rescue! Revolvers flash out, bullets speed up and down the street; a posse of mounted men start up from nowhere and pursue the flying shooters. For a few minutes the chief business street of the town is, as

a man put it who had been to both places, "just like the battle of Spion Kop!"

The excitement fades away, but soon after, it goes round that there is a boom in tin. Every one with a ten pound note, and many without, rush off to buy tin. Next day the shares have gone up to £15 by noon; you sell out at dusk, a rich man. In the morning they begin to fall, and the day after your best friend is bankrupt. Nobody knows why tins rose or why they fell; many theories are exploited; the capitalist is blamed if you lose, but your own perspicacity is praised if you win.

Then comes a Zulu rebellion and Natal cries for help, for she will have none from England. Immediately a rush is made to headquarters, and Johannesburg resounds to the tramp of veteran volunteers of the Imperial Light Horse, the South African Light Horse, the Scottish Horse and others. Forty-eight hours after, a thousand men leave Park Station with guns, horses, searchlights, and full equipment for a campaign.

Scarcely have they gone when a wild scare arises that the natives in and around Johannesburg have planned a massacre. Outrages all round the suburbs lend colour to it. Volunteer regiments are under orders to hold themselves ready for any emergency; men and women alike rush to Marlborough House for permits for firearms, and telegraph-wires all over South Africa cannot bring revolvers and small arms up with sufficient speed. Johannesburg is literally bristling with firearms, for no man or woman dare go out or stay at home unarmed, with a multitude of insolent Kafirs around. But the general arming has frightened the Kafir, and the scare passes.

The next thing may be only a general election, or a strike on the mines. Hotels fly into the air and a bomb explodes under your verandah, and the survivors come to breakfast with an added zest to life.

But dull? Never. Johannesburg could not be dull. It might be stricken almost to the ground, with financial ruin staring it in the face, but from whatever quarter the foe shows his face, the tireless Johannesburger is up and at him.

There are three distinct societies in Johannesburg, the British, the Dutch, and the Jewish. Besides these there are smaller communities of every nationality under the sun—German, Portuguese, Swedish, Danish, French, American, Norwegian, Italian, Chinese, Japanese, Malay, Indian, Arab, and Kafir. I do not think I have exhausted the list even now. Every shade of colour is represented from white darkening down through cream and yellow to brown and black.

Four years ago the returns of the census gave the white population of Johannesburg at 80,000, and the coloured at 82,000. At the elections in February, 1907, the white population was roughly put down as 60,000. Since then it has decreased considerably.

The British hail not only from the Home Islands and Africa, but from Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and India. They are sub-divided into societies, Caledonian, Irish, Canadian, Australian and others, and county associations live and flourish. Their places of worship include churches, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Anglican, Wesleyan, Methodist, Baptist, and Congregational, and halls for Christian Scientists, Spiritualists and Theosophists are numerous.

The Dutch element includes both well-to-do and

cultivated Dutch and the poor and ignorant. The better class speak English perfectly, but in their homes they talk the Taal always. They show no bitter or racial feeling individually, and can be friendly, hospitable and quite charming to their English friends, but they are bound together politically by a bond which neither the friendliness of the British nor long association with them can alter.

They talk fluently in two or more languages, but they say very little and they never give themselves away. They have political, philanthropical and educational societies which are well organised and deserve a chapter to themselves.

There are twelve thousand Jewish families in Johannesburg and on the Rand, and if you count four in a family, the approximate number can easily be calculated. They have already four synagogues in the town. On Jewish feast days and holidays the famous Stock Exchange is closed, and on the Day of Atonement the streets are empty. England, Russia, Poland and Germany are represented amongst them; the Russian Jews are the poorest, but never paupers. A Mayor of Johannesburg said at a public meeting that in his year of office during which the distress had been great, the Municipality had relieved practically every nationality under the sun, but not one Jew. They are law-abiding and intensely loyal to England.

The coloured races have their own locations, customs and schools, and the laws regarding colour are very stringent. The effects of intermarriage between the blacks and the whites are so obvious in Cape Colony, that the Transvaal, where Roman-Dutch law still holds good, forbids marriage between whites and Kafirs. No coloured person is allowed to walk on

the pavement in Johannesburg, and on the railway and tram services special carriages are reserved for them.

A description of Johannesburg would be incomplete without a line or two on the "stiffs." They also are cosmopolitan, but largely English.

Their habitat is the Post Office corner and the tram terminus shed, and they live on tobacco and drink. The better class are "remittance-men" from England, whose grateful families pay them a monthly salary to keep out of England. Now and again a remittance-man has a stroke of luck, and he marries a typist or a shop-girl. They take a couple of rooms, the man goes on loafing, and his wife goes on working, and is able to tell her friends she is married to a nephew of Lord So-and-so. The "stiffs" are one of the several curses of Johannesburg, and the Dutch have one more reason for blessing England.

The motley community of Johannesburg may be divided into the professional class, mining and financial classes with their many gradations, civil servants, including the great body of teachers, the tradespeople and the coloured working-class. And their fate for better or worse depends on the mines. It has been said so often before that the repetition becomes monotonous and tiresome, yet it is a fact that you, the man in the street, do not seem to be able to grasp.

On the continual working of the mines and on the development of new mines hinges the entire prosperity of Johannesburg.

The railway revenue depends chiefly on the importation of machinery and mining material as well as food stuffs. The storekeepers revolve round the mines and are entirely dependent on them. It is not sufficient that the mines now open should prosper,

but fresh developments must continually go on, otherwise the town languishes and droops, and with it the surrounding country and the coast-towns. For why should the farmer grow more farm-produce than he requires if there is no market for it?

In no town in the Empire do people work as hard as they do in Johannesburg. In good times when things are brisk, Johannesburgers take the road at 7.30 and work until 5 or 6 p.m., or until a much later hour. There is a rush and activity, a keenness and intensity about the town which is far more American than British. After the war, especially, when the Government was evolving order out of chaos, it was no uncommon thing to work all day and part of the night, Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, and it was done with an alacrity and zest that were truly exhilarating.

CHAPTER III.

THE DUTCH POINT OF VIEW.

TWENTY years ago the Dutch families in the neighbourhood of what is now Johannesburg saw with disgust the encroachment on their beautiful veld of waggon-load after waggon-load of gold prospectors. With still greater disgust, they saw the tents of the first year give place to tin-shanties and gradually to larger and finer buildings. It was apparent that the Uitlander had come to stay.

Until the arrival of the first prospector, the Boers of the Transvaal had led a peaceful, lazy existence, on the patriarchal lines of the Old Testament. The trekking days of their fathers seemed over; they had reached a country where large herds of cattle, sheep and goats could be reared with the least possible trouble to themselves. Their wants were very few. As long as they had a roof over their heads, fruit, vegetables, mealies, their herds, and Kafirs to tend them, they were content. They smoked the pipe of peace on the stoep, drank coffee or dop as their taste dictated, and lived on mutton. The chief breaks in their lives were an occasional wedding or funeral, nacht-maal at the church twenty miles away, a shooting expedition, or a native rising. The men were fond of their homes, of wife and children. They had no money troubles, and they wanted little money, for the few taxes levied by the State they rarely paid. Political dissensions amongst themselves were their only excitement.

Into this quiet life came all at once the hated English, American, or German gold prospector, followed by the scum of Europe. The Jews, who had played an ignoble part many years before in the development of Cape Colony, when they tricked the Dutch over the slave-compensation money, were the most distrusted of all, and unfortunately the earliest arrivals did nothing to remove that distrust. Tall chimneys, white dumping-heaps, sordid buildings of corrugated iron, and all the hideous ugliness of a mining town sprouted up.

A few of the most progressive Dutch took advantage of the influx of foreigners to sell their mutton and beef, vegetables and eggs to advantage. Others profited still more by the sale of their gold-bearing farms to mining companies, or the mining option on those farms, and, rich beyond their dreams, they retired to the more secluded parts of the veld to spend their lives in the peace they coveted, and they sent their sons and daughters to Europe to school.

Then came gradually the awakening of the Dutch of Pretoria and the Rand to the possibilities of the new situation. They detested the Uitlanders; they were afraid they might be swamped by them. They restricted and hampered them in many directions, and they made money out of them in every possible way. The revenue rose from £227,000 in 1883 to £1,702,685 in 1893. Much of this they spent in arming the country for defence in case the aggressive and powerful foreigners should turn against them. The Jameson Raid gave them the opportunity of doing so openly and to far better purpose than before. The Dutch were slow to move out of their old unambitious, easy-going routine, but once aroused, they concentrated all the brain-power that had lain fallow for years, in arming their country

and outwitting the enemy. So well and quietly did they carry out their plans, that the foe in their midst had no conception of the magnitude of their preparations. I have still in my possession a letter written when the war broke out by a Britisher who was in financial and journalistic circles in Johannesburg. He had been watching a commando of Boers under the German General Schiel ride off to the Natal border, and he said their confidence in their success was almost pathetic; but what could you expect from the Boers, who were "born idiots?"

Two months after that, these "born idiots" plunged the British nation into mourning, and into the depths of humiliated pride. Two years after that they still defied the "first nation" of the world.

It may almost be out of place to add here that four years afterwards, they beat the British football nation at their own game, on their own ground, and five years afterwards the British politician at his game of politics. This *par parenthèse*.

They eventually took their beating at war with a good grace, and disappearing to their farms—to the tents that now took the place of the ruined farmsteads—they, like Brer Rabbit, "lay low and said nuffin." They bided their time. They took no share in the regeneration of the Transvaal under the British Government. Apparently they did not wish to be responsible for British errors in a country famous for repeated British mistakes. "*Geduld en Moed*" (patience and courage) was the motto preached through the length and breadth of the Transvaal, in conjunction with the older one: "*Eentracht maakt Macht*" (*l'union fait la force*). Behind the silence, the perpetual knitting together of the Dutch race went on.

Meanwhile with the almost boundless resources of

a wealthy nation, the new Government built railways, repaired roads, started irrigation, and spread a scheme of education marked by the extravagance and inefficiency of the Pretoria officials, but redeemed by the devotion of the teachers. The evolving of order out of the chaos of a devastating war in a country with but one industry, was a most difficult and arduous business. Officials in high places in the complicated affairs of the Transvaal require, not only well-balanced heads, and brains of no common order, but a touch of genius—and a touch of genius is exactly what they usually lack.

To the joy of the silently-watching Dutch, official after official was weighed in the balance and found wanting, caught his boat in Table Bay, and went home. Heads of departments chased each other with kaleidoscopic rapidity out of office. There was a steady dribbling away of the more brilliant people in Government Departments to other professions or occupations.

Matters were still in a bad condition, although they were destined to be worse, when Lord Milner resigned.

It is not the place here to eulogise the devotion of this greatest of our pro-Consuls to South Africa. From the Dutch point of view his resignation came none too soon. He was in every way antipathetic to the Dutch. He came to South Africa at a critical time, and his judgment pronounced that war was inevitable.

When it was brought to a successful issue, it was Lord Milner who insisted on certain points in the Treaty of Vereeniging. He saw quite clearly through the plans of the Dutch, and they could not forgive him for it. Personally, they did not understand him. A scholar, an æsthete who “scorned

delights and lived laborious days," a bachelor living simply and quietly in a small house in a sunny garden, devoting the best years of his life to a British solution of South African questions, a man with a somewhat tragic personality, a man with brains, and knowledge, and astuteness—in short, an unknowable and dangerous person, a man to be avoided.

After him, any man would have been welcomed, and Lord Selborne scored an immediate success. Here was a man they understood. Here at last that damnable British Government had sent them someone who understood them. Here was a farmer like themselves, who put a soft hat on his head and smoked a pipe with them on the stoep and talked unlimited farming. A man happily married to a great lady who was at the same time a sympathetic woman—a man with a family, who apologised for having only four.

Then like school children with a new teacher, they tried how far they could go, and when they found that the kindly hand was firm and decided, they settled down quietly under his rule. Only at Pretoria some of the old Staats Artillerie thought they would see once more if there was any foolishness in him. *They demanded from his Government the arrears of pay due to them from Krüger's Government for fighting against us.* Then Lord Selborne rounded on them and told them in unequivocal language what he thought.

Gradually matters in the Transvaal began slowly to improve, and the corner was almost rounded when the Liberal Government came into power. The Dutch rejoiced. After many years the party was at last in power that would give them everything they demanded. In the first place, responsible govern-

ment was granted to the Transvaal. That meant, from the distribution of seats, Dutch government. Secondly, the Liberal Government had said the Chinese labourers on the mines must go.

Now this decision might have been overridden by the Pretoria Parliament which carried the Indian Ordinance unanimously in the teeth of the Home Parliament. But Botha was indebted to the Liberals for the distribution of seats in the Transvaal—a distribution which gave him a large Dutch majority—and he had a price to pay. He said the Chinese must go. In order to tide him over a period of “straitsened circumstances,” the Home Government made him a loan of five millions, payable in proportion as the Chinese were repatriated.

Once more the mining magnates closed their money-bags and refused to spend more of their shareholders’ money in developing the mines, being firmly convinced that Botha could not find substitutes for the departing Chinese.

And again the Dutch rejoiced. They saw certain mines close down. They saw the railway revenue decrease by thousands of pounds per month as the imports for the mining community fell off. They saw family after family of Britons give up in despair and leave Johannesburg. They saw shop after shop close down, firm after firm become bankrupt, and the steamers of every line crowded, first, second, and third class, with men who took no return ticket. Then began the dismissal of British civil servants and the reintroduction of the old Feld Cornet system. It was computed last September that 400 British men were under sentence of retrenchment.

By more effectual means than war, the Dutch are clearing the “Uitlanders” out, and gaining possession of the land for themselves. They are re-

deeming their pledges to their constituents at election-time that they would do their best for the land from their point of view. "South Africa for the Dutch" is the one object underlying all their organisations and their deeply-laid schemes. They reproach the Englishman that he does not settle on the land—he does not get a chance to do so. With one hand they accept British money, the railways, roads, and education supplied by the British ratepayer, and with the other they push the British settler out of the country. From their point of view they are perfectly justified. They were no match in number for the British Empire in time of war, but they mean to be a match in brains in time of peace.

CHAPTER IV.

LABOUR : BLACK, WHITE, OR YELLOW ?

BEFORE the war, the go-ahead Uitlander community had always suffered from the shortage of the labour supply and the uncertainty of it. In numbers, the Kafir in the Transvaal is four to one white, so that at the first glance, with such an overwhelming black population, one wonders that any difficulty could arise. But the Kafir, as everyone knows, is a lazy mortal. He, like his old master, the Boer, has few wants and does not see the necessity for making more money than he requires, being in this much wiser than his Transvaal "brother," the millionaire. As a young man he sallies forth from his kraal to make enough money to buy the requisite oxen as the wedding gift to the father of the girl he marries. Then he settles down as a rule to the life of the kraal. Milking the cows and smoking are his chief occupations, and his wife tends the hut and the mealie patch. Mealies form his chief article of diet, and a blanket and beaded ornaments his clothes. If he wants money for any special purpose he goes for six months to town as houseboy, on a farm as labourer, or to a mine, and at the end of that time he has made enough money to keep him for a long while. Naturally enough, his tastes are agricultural, and he prefers road-making or even housework to mining.

When I reached Johannesburg in the end of the year 1902, it was almost impossible to get Kafir

houseboys. During the war, the British officer with the bottomless resources to draw upon of a nation with absent-minded ideas on finance, paid him lavishly for his services as baggage-man or camp follower. At the end of the war he retreated to his kraal, a rich man.

It was in vain that the housewives of Johannesburg tried to band themselves together and lower the wages of their houseboys. The Kafir would not work except for the wages he demanded. In households both in town and country, the houseboys have their rooms in the garden or yard at the back of the house, and their meals in the kitchen. A cook was paid in those days £6 a month, a waiter or table-boy £4 to £5 a month, a bedroom boy £3 10s. to £4, with board and lodging in every case. Wages have gone down a little since then, but it is impossible to get a boy in the position of "general" at less than £3 a month. A good servant can still get £4 to £6 a month.

Although the natives are capable of saving a great part of their earnings, some of them have extravagant tastes, and ape the Englishman in his worst qualities. The example set him in the big towns is not beneficial. Perhaps one of the most striking cases of extravagance was our cook. We paid him £72 a year with board and lodging. His room in the garden was divided into a bedroom and sitting-room by Indian curtains got from the Indian pedlars who go from house to house with their fascinating silks, crêpes and laces. He had brilliantine and silver-backed hair brushes for his short, woolly, scrubby hair, and his dusky relations, snapshotted or in cabinet photographs, were in silver frames on occasional tables. On Sunday he dressed in checked

tweeds and a bowler hat and went out on his bicycle or strolled along to the Union Ground to football.

Although the Kafir is naturally lazy and always slow, he is often found thorough and dependable. As a rule he is perfectly honest as far as everything is concerned except drink, for alcohol of any kind, be it whisky, methylated spirit, or essence of Rhine violets, is irresistible to him. Hence severe punishment is dealt out to the householder whose "boy" is found intoxicated through the householder's negligence in locking up.

Agriculture is without doubt the most suitable occupation for the native, but even on the farms the Dutch complain bitterly of the difficulty of obtaining boys. Then since the British occupation thousands of Kafirs have been required for railway and road-making, land-settlements and other things, which were part of Lord Milner's broadly-laid schemes. The problem of the native, the relationship of white to black and black to white, is one of the many problems staring a worried and haggard Transvaal in the face. You cannot prod him up, you cannot tax him and force him to work, for he is only too ready to rise and sweep the white men into the sea. It seems to me the only way is to educate him; and that subject must be touched with delicate fingers. The educated native is not popular in South Africa, and has hitherto not been a success. In the Transvaal very few have received any education at all, as the Dutch had very decided views on the native, and they did not lie in the way of educating him. At the present moment there are only a thousand coloured children in the Johannesburg schools, and they are not all Kafirs. But whether the idea is popular or not, the Kafir is educating himself, for many times

I have overheard a group of natives at their dinner hour or in the evening after working hours, in their rooms or huddled together in a summer-house or behind a hedge, teaching each other to read or spell English—and they were in deadly earnest over it. Therefore considering everything, and especially the danger of not knowing how much or what the Kafir is teaching himself, it would be wise for the Government to take up and direct the education of the natives on broad lines.

I have only touched upon the outside fringe of the question from the Transvaal point of view, for each of the other colonies has a problem of its own differing in many ways from ours. And besides the question of dealing with the many millions of natives scattered through the five colonies, now to a fairly large extent populated by white people, it must be remembered that there are Protectorates—"preserves" they are nicknamed, a reminiscence of the game-laws at home—of which Basutoland comes first to my mind. There the native king rules almost supreme with an army of 40,000 horse and 40,000 foot, all armed, with a small and scattered European population of about 200 occupied in administration and teaching. The teaching here is on the most sensible lines; the Basutos are taught the three R's and a trade. But later, when they enter into direct competition with white men, there are bound to be difficulties.

Having found that it was impossible to get a sufficient number of Kafirs—who at the best work for only six months on end—for the mines, the mine-owners turned their attention to other quarters. In 1902 the railways had made an unhappy and unsuccessful attempt to employ a thousand English navvies in building a line. After some months' trial, the

navvies were sent home; they were absolutely no good at all. The question of expense is a very serious difficulty in the way of employing white men as unskilled labourers on the mines or elsewhere, for the wages demanded by them would ruin most mines. As lately as March, 1907, the Johannesburg municipality offered the unemployed, who had been out of work for many months, relief work at road-making in return for tents, rations, and five shillings a day. The unemployed scornfully refused, and, hoping to get better terms from the newly-appointed Dutch Government, they marched over to Pretoria. Botha offered them tents, rations, and two shillings a day. With some of their backbone gone, they marched back to Johannesburg.

Since then I read that the unemployed have accepted the offer of the Municipality, and are now at work on the Johannesburg sewerage system. But it remains an experiment so far, for it is not likely they will accept five shillings a day for long. There is one great objection to having a very poor white class. They are bound to sink to the level of the natives, to associate with them, and live like them. Whatever it costs, that must be avoided, for no good results from the mixing of the races. As it is, the British working man has a healthy repugnance towards doing "Kafir's work" or working with him, and no one who has lived in Africa could do anything but uphold him in keeping himself in every way above the level of the native.

It was small wonder that the mine-owners turned to the employment of Chinese on the mines as the one way of cutting the Gordian knot. It was done deliberately and after much discussion. The measure was not popular with the mass of people, as they feared that the regulations would not be strin-

gent enough regarding the return of the Chinaman to his own country after his term of service. He was known in Johannesburg before the war as a thrifty, money-getting tradesman whose little "corner-shop," spotlessly clean and beautifully kept, paid well, and as a laundry-man and gardener he had no equal. Economically it was wrong, for there were problems enough in the Transvaal without further complications. But at the time it seemed the best way out of the difficulty. Negotiations were made with the utmost care on the part of the mine-managers; excellent buildings were erected for the Chinese; and a Chinese Consul and staff took up their residence in Johannesburg. On their side, the Chinese appointed Prince Ching to watch over the interests of the coolies regarding their contracts, and to superintend their embarkation in China.

CHAPTER V.

THE DEPARTING CHINESE.

WHEN the outcry arose in England about the importation of Chinese to the Rand, we were extremely puzzled; we could not understand whether you thought the Chinese were too good for us and in danger of contamination through us, or whether they were too inexpressibly wicked. Then came the chains-and-slavery cry, and I went to see for myself how the Chinese were housed and fed.

Even the most ignorant of the men in the street now know that the Chinese had every necessary and comfort—roaring stoves in their rooms in winter, bathing establishments in the compound with hot and cold water, a dining-room lighted by electricity, and their own cuisine presided over by a Chinese chef with several assistants. The ordinary menu was what ordinary well-to-do families have in England: soup, meat and potatoes, vegetables according to the season, rice and tea *ad libitum*, while in summer stewed fruit was added. Two good meals were given them a day, and they took tea with them to the mines.

Their work was the ordinary work of a miner, and their pay was a fortune compared with what they get in China, the average being 4ls. 6d. per month. They had board and lodging, hospitals and doctors free. Sundays and holidays were theirs, and they could spend them as they liked by simply asking for a passport. The compound gates were never closed.

Their housing, pay, food, and treatment were better than falls to the lot of thousands of poor people here, and the cry of slavery was one of the most lying and damnable ever invented by unscrupulous politicians.

It is quite true that at one or two of the mines the Chinese coolies had been recruited largely from the Boxer and criminal ranks of China, and included individuals the Chinese authorities were only too pleased to be rid of. It was they who committed the outrages on the farming community upon the Rand. It did not, however, take the mine-owners long to eliminate this undesirable element from the compounds. Since then more peaceable, law-abiding labourers could not be found on any part of the globe than the Chinese. In one respect they were infinitely preferable as neighbours to the Kafirs; they never molested women.

Since my return to England I have been greatly astounded at the misapprehensions which are—I may as well say it—cherished and fostered by a certain section of the community regarding the conditions of service of the Chinese. I have had it flung at me, firstly, that the Chinese could not bring their wives with them; secondly, that they could not return to China under three years; thirdly, that they were flogged and generally ill-used; and fourthly, that they were unjustly treated in not being allowed to settle on the land.

In the first place, they could have brought their wives, but for the greater part they did not choose to do so; secondly, they could break their agreements at any time during the three years by giving notice and paying their fare back; thirdly, on the rare occasions they were flogged, they thoroughly deserved flogging; fourthly, they knew before they

came that on no condition could they settle in the Transvaal.

If the conditions, general surroundings, and housing of the Chinese are compared with those of our own soldiers in any land, the Chinese will be found to have had the better lot. The soldier is not accompanied by his wife as a general rule; he cannot break his time of service; his pay is not equal to that of the Chinese coolie, and, in Pretoria at any rate, he had no roaring stove in his sleeping apartment.

There was no comparison between the condition of the Chinese on the Rand and that of the poor in London and other great English towns. No employer of labour—with one or two exceptions—ever cared for the welfare of his employees as the mine-owners did for theirs. There was no trace of the frightful poverty and misery of the working classes in England. It requires some one born or resident in the colonies to realise the horror of a colonial at the sight of the misery and crime of London. Over and over again, colonials cried to me: “How *dare* the English speak of the treatment of Chinese or Kafirs at our mines? How *dare* they talk of slavery or anything else with dens of vice and iniquity existing amongst their own white people at their very doors? How *dare* they talk to us when they have little white child-slaves with starved brains and bodies in their midst? When England is perfect, let her lecture her colonies on such subjects—but not till then.”

Compared with the poor in London and other large English towns, the Chinese were in clover.

I have never noticed that the Chinaman erred at any time on the side of being “childlike and bland,” but did he know the place he has taken in the politics of the British people, the large majority of

whom have never come in contact with a Chinaman, he might have cause for one of his broad, peaceful smiles, the effect of which was always lost on me, counteracted by the peculiar cunning of the eye.

Yet I liked John, for besides his undeniable usefulness, which brought grist to all the mills of Johannesburg, his grotesque figure added interest to the not-too-picturesque surroundings of the reef. And I admired Mrs. Chinaman, very reserved and exclusive within the walls of her small, detached cottage in the married quarters of the compound. Her house was always spotlessly clean and in perfect order. As we entered her kitchen, she rose from the Singer's treadle-machine where she was at work on some blue linen, the material of which the working clothes of both men and women are usually made, and hobbled forward on her tiny feet, with a smile of welcome for the compound-manager who introduced me. With her were two small daughters; the elder, aged four, clad in baggy blue linen trousers and a long blue tunic, was a striking little figure; intelligent dark eyes looked from a broad olive face and two short black pigtails stood on end, from very shortness; with a truly impish effect. She hardly waited for the manager's invitation to accompany us to the office where the joy of her life, a black pipe, was handed to her. With the eye and fingers of an adept, she filled the pipe, and with most perfect satisfaction she smoked it. Then reaching up to the high table some inches above her head, she knocked out the ashes, expectorated on the floor, seized eagerly the small loaf of bread the manager always kept for her, and ran off to her mother.

John, *père*, showed two sides to the public. In his work-a-day clothes he slouched to the mine, and on Sunday, often in the same clothes, he took an airing

through Johannesburg in a Victoria drawn by a pair of horses, his moonlike yellow face, alert and intelligent, showing up against the dark hood of the cab.

But on fête days, gorgeous in sapphire-blue satin, or grey silk, or orange velvet, he sallied forth to have a royal time, conscious that all the eyes of the Rand were on him. The holidays of his native land were always his in the Transvaal, and as far as possible, Chinese sports went on. For the extensive mummeries either out of doors or in the form of indoor theatricals, of which they are very fond, the coolies on the mines subscribed and sent to China for the exact accessories required, the Glen Deep coolies spending on one occasion £250 on them, and then on the eventful evening the doors were thrown open, and the officials of the mine were always duly invited. The cordial relations existing between the coolies and officials were often acknowledged by the coolies in the form of a presentation of a Chinese umbrella, than which no greater honour could be paid, while a gold salver obtained from China was offered to a parting mine-manager who had been very popular.

With the Kafir, too, John got on very well after one or two preliminary scuffles to see how much fight there was in him. I saw an interesting little picture once. Passing a corner-store where all sorts of odds and ends were sold, rice, soap, tin-tacks, ginger-ale, and other things, I saw a Kafir in ordinary houseboy dress of holland and red braid, lounging against the counter, smoking a cigarette and sipping a glass of lemonade in comical imitation of the attitude and air of an Englishman being affable to a distinguished foreigner. The foreigner was John, and the two were talking "English." The language was unintelligible to a mere Briton, but the friendly intention

was apparent. John replied in a manner that was polite, but reserved, and his smile was that of a diplomat responding to the overtures of an honest-hearted citizen.

And from this Eldorado of good pay, good friends, good food, and good quarters, the Chinaman has been banished back to China and twopence a day, out of which he has to find his own meals and quarters. No wonder that he petitioned to be allowed to remain.

Now that the Chinese are going, or have already gone, it would be futile to discuss the wisdom of their ever having been introduced into the Transvaal. No one outside mining circles particularly wanted them, but it was quite clear that the Kafir labour supply was inadequate, and the country was dependent on the mines. Overpaid and spoilt as the Kafirs had been by the British Army in the war, they had retired to their kraals to enjoy a prolonged rest. They could not be had at high wages even as houseboys. But while we wanted the Chinese as a stop-gap under stringent conditions which did not permit of their settling on the land, we did not want them removed until every man had his place filled by a satisfactory substitute. Several thousands have already gone and several hundreds of Kafirs have taken their places. Many of them are "piccannins," half-grown lads who are not strong enough and not well enough developed for underground work. Where Botha intends to get substitutes for the whole army of Chinese, remains a mystery. He and his party spoke of draining large numbers from north of latitude 22 deg. These are, of course, tropical races, and the mortality amongst them when brought to the Rand before was 98 per thousand, a terrible percentage, especially compared with the 12

per thousand of the Chinese. It may be that improved machinery will do away with almost half of the unskilled labour employed in 1907, and that more skilled white men will be employed in working these machines. That would, of course, be a gain from every point of view. But meanwhile the Transvaal is suffering terribly from the jar of the partial stoppage of its one industry. As I have pointed out before, a continual development of new mines must go on, for a country that does not progress must go backward. Especially in a new country like the Transvaal is this the case, and until its one industry is allowed unrestricted scope, and until the labour supply is definitely settled, the colony is bound to languish.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DUTCH AS I SAW THEM.

"THE Dutch are a retrograde race. Since they settled at the Cape in 1652, how little they have accomplished."

So spake a Scotch candidate for Parliament in January, 1907. Within a month, the "retrograde race" had swept us off the board in the game of politics.

"They may not be able to teach us anything," wrote an English sporting paper of the Springboks before they had reached England, "but they will be content to learn from us."

How modest and how able a forecast!

"Those born idiots have no idea they are going to their doom," wrote a Johannesburger two months before the battles of Magersfontein, Stormberg and Colenso.

Since their first settlement on African soil in 1652, the Dutchman's life has consisted chiefly of war and trekking. Bushmen, Hottentots, Kafirs, Zulus, each took their turn at opposing the progress of the white man in the country. Then came the English and more wars, and in the intervals of peace there were dissensions among the Dutch. When they got tired of themselves, they trekked north, and settled on farms of such extent that the smoke of one could not be seen from the other. If the greater part of an English farmer's life consisted of pushing the family

waggon through miles of desert and killing game to subsist on as he went ; if his time were occupied in building with his own hands a house for himself out of the boulders on the kopje, and his leisure in quelling a native rising, could he be expected to know much of literature, painting, or music? If you had a farm on the outskirts of Hampstead and your nearest neighbour lived at Peterborough and the next at York, is it likely that you would have much opportunity of acquiring social graces?

Until I went to Africa, I used to think that to paint a picture or write a book was the highest attainment of the human intellect. But when I got there I found that the men who spend their talent in the mere ornamentation of life are not to be mentioned in the same breath with those who build up a country.

The Dutch of to-day are not an absolutely pure race. Within thirty years of their arrival in South Africa, two hundred French settlers, fleeing from religious persecution, claimed Dutch hospitality. They came of the noblest families of France, and many celebrated names were represented among them. They were given a tract of country for themselves, but their language was suppressed, and in a short time they were absorbed by the Dutch. But when one meets a dark-haired, dark-eyed beauty of noble carriage and gracious manners, one is carried back with a start of surprise to the picture of a French gentlewoman of the seventeenth century. It is remarkable, too, that in the roll of famous names amongst the Dutch of South Africa, a great number are French—De Villiers, Joubert, De la Rey, Malan, Du Toit—Dutch levelheadedness wedded to French subtlety.

Then came an influx of British people, and of them

the Scotch assimilate best with the Dutch. The Irish were welcomed as fellow-sufferers under the English rule. Later, Germany sent a batch of settlers, and of their most celebrated descendants were Olive Schreiner and Ex-President Krüger.

In many ways the Dutch farmers resemble the agricultural class of north-east Aberdeenshire. Now and again you meet a Boer who—features, expression, beard and clothes—might be an elder of the Free Kirk. Many of the characteristics of the Dutch and the Scotch are the same; they have the same independence and clearheadedness; they have the same strict observance of Sunday and the same slack ideas on morality carefully hidden under unctuous phrases; the form of church service is almost identical and the training is in both cases Calvinistic. The Dutch have the same naturally courteous manners as the Highlanders, and from the same causes—turbulent history and distrust—they are equally “slim.” The Boer has been “done” so many times in his own and his predecessors’ history, that his skill in “doing” others cannot be equalled now.

If he wishes to buy horses from his neighbour twenty miles away, he rides over in time for morning coffee. Then he tells his friend he wants goats, many goats. His host regrets infinitely he has no goats, but he says if he wants a horse by any chance, he has a number to sell. Alas! that is not what Johannes requires, goats are what he came for. Horses! he has a stableful. Then his host suggests going round the farm and over the stock, to the ceaseless lamentation of Johannes on the lack of goats. At last, just in order to relieve his friend’s stables, he reluctantly purchases a couple of horses and gets them at something like half-price.

So skilled is the Boer at draping the truth, that the mere Sassenach, clutching at it, is left with the drapery, while the truth escapes.

The backveld Boer is quite uneducated and marvellously ignorant. An inspector of schools in a country district told me an angry father called on him one day and furiously demanded the dismissal of a teacher. "What has she been doing?" asked the inspector. The Boer could hardly get it out for wrath. She had been so wicked, so blasphemous as to teach his children that the earth was round—*round!*

But the Boer has bequeathed to his children an excellent physique and fresh brains which have not been spoiled by cramming, and under the present system of education they are rapidly being trained. Friendly, intelligent, full of vitality, the children respond in a wonderful manner to a clever teacher. In ten years the children of the backveld Boers will be as well-educated as the Scotch, and they will have one great advantage over them. They have more room to grow and more sun to develop them. The climate and altitude of the Transvaal are great vitalisers and act as a mental stimulant. To those not born in the country, the stimulant becomes at times too strong and has an unsettling effect. The mad fiasco of the Jameson Raid would not have been possible at a lower altitude. But the children, whether Boer or Briton, born in the country, are physically and mentally well equipped for the race of life. They are not the children of degenerates but of *voor-trekkers* and pioneers; they are not of one race but of several, and are bound to develop along American lines. I may say here that the language question was never a difficulty since the British occupation. The more progressive of the

Dutch recognise the absolute necessity for a thorough knowledge of English if their children are to take any position at all, and after all it is the most progressive of the Dutch who are in power. The Boer child is taught in Dutch with a class for English until he reaches the second standard. When he enters the third standard, all the instruction is given in English, in which he is by that time fairly proficient.

The education the children of the farming community are enjoying now, those of the town Dutch had, to a greater or lesser degree, for the last fifteen years.

The war and the exile of many hundreds of prisoners to Ceylon and St. Helena and other places were an added experience. The average Dutchman of the present day is an immense improvement on his predecessor of the last generation.

I now come to a point which I wish specially to emphasise. It is not the Dutchman, but the Dutchwoman who is the leader of the nation. It is she who is the thinker, the politician, the organiser, the brain and backbone of the country, and she turns her men-folk round her little finger.

When Englishmen go into a far country, they are accustomed to leaving their women behind them as feeble and burdensome impedimenta, and they send for them only when they have forged their way through. But the Dutchwomen have always accompanied their husbands, trekking with them in the waggons, and carving a way with them out of their immense and never-ending difficulties. They have always been strong, fearless and independent, handling a gun as easily as a cooking-pot, and managing a troop of unruly Kafirs on the farm alone in the absence of father or husband. The average

Dutchwoman is still in the rough; she lost in her nomadic days the neat and tidy ways of her antecedents in Holland, and she has had little time to be refined; but the capacity for great things is there.

The advent of the Uitlander twenty years ago brought much-needed money to the Transvaal, and the girls of the family were quick to profit by it. In Britain, until quite recently, the sons were educated at the expense of the daughters; in the Transvaal it is reversed. It was the daughters in the first place who went to Europe to school. The fixed idea of the English paints a Dutch girl short, stumpy and silent. The Transvaal Dutch are tall and magnificently developed, with a fine carriage, and are, as a rule, handsome rather than beautiful. Lively, jolly and responsive, the Dutch girl is very quick to pick up the ways, manners and dress of the cultured classes of England, Germany, or Holland. But with a difference. From her babyhood she has been somebody; she has lorded it over the Kafir servants and has taken her own independent way with her men relatives. Her gait, look and gesture proclaim the ruling race. She is unselfconscious and friendly, and ready to chatter her head off with anyone—but although she is an expert at the making of comfyt and pickles and is often thoroughly musical, she is not too fond of work of any kind. She marries at the age of sixteen or seventeen and rules the roost ever after. If she has the opportunity, she will marry an Englishman, and henceforward he will be more Dutch than the Dutch. It sometimes happens that an Englishwoman marries a Dutchman, and she may soften his prejudices a little, but no one on earth is as rabidly, bitterly, rebelliously Dutch as an Englishman with a Dutch wife.

Since the war the women have taken up a strong

position in politics. They have their own political association and work tirelessly. In organisation and discipline, the political societies, whether masculine or feminine, outrivalled the British, and the result was most effectual at the elections. The Hoofd Komité of the Dutch party was supreme, and its orders obeyed through the length and breadth of the Transvaal.

In a remote district a well-known and popular Englishman stood as candidate against a Dutchman who was neither liked nor particularly capable. The Dutch party, becoming alarmed, telegraphed to the Hoofd Komité to send down a strong speaker to hold the position. Botha and Beyers immediately set off and held a large meeting. Botha, in the fairest manner, praised the Englishman, spoke of his long residence in the Transvaal and his knowledge of the problems of the country, but, he added, "he is not one of Us," and they must therefore vote for the Dutchman, who naturally got in.

Their methods, some of which were exemplified at the contest round a Johannesburg suburb, hardly appeal to an Englishman. A clever, clear-headed English lawyer stood for the progressive or strongly British party, and against him a well-known Dutchman. But the Dutch were outnumbered, and their only hope lay in splitting the English vote. They therefore induced an Englishman of the mugwump order to oppose the other two, saying if he stood as a Nationalist, they would vote for him. On the day of the election the mugwump laboriously drove 300 voters, all wearing his colours, to the poll, and the total number of votes recorded for him was 164.

Whether the Dutch have the ability to govern remains to be seen. In 1877, the date of Shepstone's annexation, they were plainly incapable of doing so.

In the Transvaal under Krüger the political immorality could only be paralleled in Turkey. At the same time, the inhabitants of the Free State had a Government which would have been a credit in any country, and the Transvaal Boers have learnt many lessons in the last six years. There are many men of keen, versatile intellect among them, and they are one and all actuated by an absorbing and self-sacrificing love of their country. In this they are fostered by their clergy, the predikant of the Transvaal playing the part of the priest of Ireland.

In dealing with the Boer, Britain once more repeats her time-worn error of underrating his ability. Britain continues to refuse to acknowledge a danger until too late. In treating with the Transvaal she forgets one vital thing—that this colony is different from any other of her South African possessions. For two reasons. The altitude and peerless climate will produce a strong and energetic race, mentally and physically. A mountain people were never a puling, hypocritical, submissive race. Secondly, its extraordinary cosmopolitan population will cause a development along American lines, especially in Johannesburg which will remain for a long time to come the hub of the sub-continent. Therefore the Transvaal will never be driven; it will always without hesitation take its own way. The Dutch may be slow at the start but they are strong and stubborn, and when the time comes, they will pass over all things British with the irresistibility of an avalanche to attain their ends.

But retrograde? Never.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OLD DUTCH CAPITAL.

JOHANNESBURG was wrapped in a dust-storm. A hundred feet high the red dust raged and whirled carrying with it all the refuse of the town. It penetrated the tightly-closed doors and windows, and seemed to blow through the very glass. Inside the houses the people resigned themselves to being covered with the fine powder, carpets, furniture, table-cloth, food, everything was dusty and gritty. It was late September, and not a drop of rain had fallen since May. The air was charged with electricity, and men and women alike were highly-strung, nervous and irritable.

I said to myself I would take the first train and get out of it. The first train was to Potchefstroom and I went. At the end of an hour I was far out on the veld, past the famous Witpoortje gorge, and beyond the last dumping-heap and tall chimney. The hot wind was less fierce and blew in gusts over the veld covered with the long yellow grass of winter.

Then the engine broke down. After waiting patiently for ten minutes we all got out to see if our concentrated wisdom could not put it right, but it was a hopeless case. A man went off in a hurry to the nearest station, which was miles away, to wire for another engine from Potchefstroom, and we knew it would be hours before it could arrive. Some

of the passengers sat down on the veld in the shadow of the train, but it was scorchingly hot and I climbed back into the carriage. There was no house or Kafir hut within sight, nothing but yellow veld with pink kopjes in the distance. A veld fire far off leapt and burnt, leaving scars behind it, but it was too far away to be either interesting or dangerous.

Hot and hotter, late and later, thirsty and thirstier. The carriages were baking in the sun, too hot to bear touching, and the people drooped and were silent. At last over a fold of the veld appeared two figures, and I recognised in one my carriage companion, and the other was an angel disguised as a Kafir piccanin, and he carried a tray and cup and saucer. In the cup was tea, cold and full of dust—it must have been carried for a couple of miles at least, but it was tea and it was for me!

At last a whistle in the distance, and after a little more patience, we were off again.

The sun had set before patches of verdant vegetation announced our approach to Potchefstroom. Lines of green willows watered by the Mooi River divided the green fields surrounding the peaceful old Dutch capital,—surely the simplest, quietest little village ever dignified by such a title. At the station I got into a cab, a victoria drawn by a pair of horses and driven by a long-legged, loosely-jointed Boer twisted up into knots on the box, one leg crossing over the other and the foot of the upper leg pressing on the brake. He drove off with me at full gallop, and we dashed through the lanes, and never stopping, through a stream which crossed the road, splashing the clear water all over the carriage, and at full gallop to the hotel where he pulled the horses up on their haunches with surprising suddenness.

That night I went to bed early, very fatigued, and I had hardly dropped asleep when I was wakened by the loud crowing of cocks. I looked at my watch, it was just eleven. I shook it, there could be no mistake, it *was* eleven and quite dark. I went to sleep again, and no time had passed when once more far away a cock crew. Two miles nearer a hundred took it up : the volume of sound grew and increased, till, wave on wave, it passed over the town, fading away towards the west. Then regaining its strength it returned, passed once more like the chanting of five hundred thousand cocks over my head and died away in the east. I looked at my watch again : it was exactly twelve. Then I went to sleep determined that nothing should waken me before the breakfast bell. Two hours passed, three, and then once more a perfect roar of crowing made me spring up. The first rays of the sun were striking my window, and pink clouds strayed over the sky. Below, radiant spring rioted in the gardens of the town, while beyond, winter in opalescent dress of pink and yellow ruled the distant veld and the kopjes of the Ghats Rand.

Later I met mine host in the hall downstairs. I said :

“What was the matter with the cocks last night?”

“Cocks?” questioned he.

“Yes, cocks, hundreds, millions of cocks. They kept crowing all night. Geese once saved a capitol, you know : now what have you trained your cocks to do?”

But he simply gazed at me, the broad, stolid stare of an unintelligent peasant.

An English boy, standing near, laughed.

“Transvaal cocks always do that. They crow every hour from ten o’clock on,” he said.

Outside a cool fresh morning awaited me. I cut down a side street and found myself in a long winding lane bordered by the most magnificent willow trees I have ever seen, all in their earliest green. Wherever I went there were willow trees, and everywhere, on the houses, creeping over the verandas, tangling up the gardens and overflowing into the water-furrows outside, were roses. It was “roses, roses, all the way,” white and crimson, cream and pink, and peachblossom—peachblossom and roses and green willows.

I avoided the one long business street with shops on each side, crossed the grassy square with the Dutch church in the centre, and struck into a lane. The houses were totally unlike those of Johannesburg and even of Pretoria, where the Dutch type of house so common in Cape Colony, with its massive stone pillars, rococco gables and white-washed walls, has replaced the older and smaller houses. In Potchefstroom I found old Dutch cottages, one-storied, with high sloping roof and stoep all in one, covered with thatch, and buried amongst trees and luxuriant vegetation.

Farther on, I came to the last row of houses, for the little town has only six thousand inhabitants, and reached green fields. Potchefstroom thanks its excellent system of irrigation, instituted by the early settlers and drawn from the Mooi River, for its vegetation and is an example of what can be done by means of irrigation for the country.

A little way out I saw an extraordinarily quaint little house situated at the far end of a field bordered by a plantation on each side. The house was round

like a Kafir hut with a rectangular building added on beyond as an after-thought. The walls were of red mud, and the roof of yellow thatch contrasted with the overhanging willows. I crept through the barbed wire fence of the field, and after a glance round for snakes, scorpions and tarantulas, sat down to make a sketch of it. It was nearing completion when I saw three figures leave the house and disappear in the plantation. I was just preparing to gather up my sketching materials and go, when the three suddenly came up behind me. True to their instinct, instead of coming across the field to meet me, they had executed a flanking movement through the wood and caught me in the rear!

I turned and spoke to them, apologising for sketching their house without their permission. They looked at my sketch and at me, and smiled: it *was* their house and the number of windows was correct though they were not so sure about the panes. I, in my turn, scrutinised them. The woman, elderly, brown, wrinkled, was the mother of the two rather heavy-looking girls of thirteen or fourteen. She spoke English remarkably well and had charming, friendly manners, but the girls were sullen and talked badly. I asked how it was that her accent was so much better than theirs, and she replied:

“Ah, I do want them to speak well, but unfortunately their master of English is a Boer and his accent is bad. There is no English miss at their school, and I am thinking of sending them to another. It is so necessary for them to speak English well.”

They were quite clearly dying of curiosity to know who I was and how I had dropped upon them, and as I wished particularly to get inside that mud

house, I volunteered the information they wanted, my name, my address, how and why I came to Potchefstroom, where I was staying and for how long.

The effect was what I anticipated. I was immediately invited to return with them and have coffee, and on the way across the field the old lady told me her husband was a German and was dead, and since the war they had been very poor.

But when she told me the name I stopped in my surprise, for it belonged to one of Germany's old noble families. Years before I had met in that country a charming lady with the same name as that of one of those Dutch peasant girls, heavy and glum in print dress and kappi. On comparing notes, I found she must have been some near relation.

The interior of the cottage was almost devoid of furniture and the thatch supported by beams was visible, but the floor and walls of hard-baked mud were perfectly clean. After a cup of coffee and a little chat, I took a friendly farewell and came away.

I made a long détour and went through the park with its tennis-courts, where the high wire-netting, covered with roses to the top, was a sight not easily forgotten.

Coming round by the church in the square I noticed a great number of trek-waggons—large, heavy, covered over—outspanned and standing close to the church. They were the conveyances of farmers, who, coming from a great distance, brought their families to the *Nachtmaal* which was to take place the following day, Sunday. The town was full of them, typical broad-shouldered, stalwart men, fat and comfortable “*Tantas*,” and

fine girls and boys. For many reasons the occasion is a notable one: the sacrament is not so often celebrated as to become a common occurrence, and when Sunday is over, other matters can have some consideration. There is a little shopping to do, the arranging of Sanna's wedding with Piet, a bargain to drive with an old crony, and always, firstly and lastly, the discussion of that endlessly interesting topic, politics.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TEACHERS OF THE TRANSVAAL.

WHEN the history of the Transvaal comes to be written, the public will at last acknowledge how much the colony owes to the teachers.

When I went out in the end of 1902, the Education Department was like nothing on earth but a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Those who took it seriously finished by going Home. Those with a sense of humour held their sides with laughter and generally came to an untimely end as far as the department was concerned.

In two years and a half the teachers saw four directors scurry across their horizon. The sole qualification of most of the officials of the department was, apparently, that they had been to Oxford and had come out with the Yeomanry. They had little previous experience of organising or of schools; the last thing they understood was the handling of people, and their ideas on finance were simply childish.

This irresponsible Kindergarten had the organising of the educational system throughout a country as large as France, just recovering from a devastating war. In no town but Pretoria were the buildings anything like adequate. In Johannesburg, which suffered most, old shops, church halls, tin shanties, old provision-stores and floorless tents were for a long time used as schools. Then the department,

with a burst of genius, built three schools, each of which accommodated 600 children, at a cost of £54,000. Their extravagance in this crippled them for a long time, and no more schools were put up until 1906, when several were built at much more reasonable figures. Barnato Park, the mansion of the late Barney Barnato, was rented at £2,000 a year as a High School for Boys, with an attendance of about a hundred and twenty.

If money had been chaff, it could not have been spent more freely or in a more foolish manner. Instead of making the most of the people on the spot, teachers were brought from the Home Islands, Canada and Australia at large salaries, plus all travelling expenses, while those from Cape Colony and the Transvaal, with a knowledge of the colonial child, were not paid nearly as well.

The schools were divided into three classes, farm-schools, elementary and secondary schools. During the first three years the officials only had the power to appoint a teacher, and according to his contract the teacher was bound to go wherever ordered. The method of selection was the penny-dip-in-the-bran-tub principle. If an elementary teacher with a knowledge of the Board School child was wanted, most probably a polished Oxford graduate with rudimentary ideas on discipline was sent. Or if a young teacher was required for a farm-school forty miles from anywhere, a High School mistress, who had never taught anywhere out of London, was placed there. A lady I knew, with special qualifications in science, was brought to Johannesburg to teach sewing and German, although she could hardly hold a needle and did not know "ja" from "nein." Meanwhile another with a perfect knowledge of

German was eating her heart out at an elementary school a few yards away.

As regarded salaries, it was no unusual thing for an assistant to draw higher pay than his principal. And there were other vagaries. One lady I knew received for one year a salary of £240. At the end of that time, and for no reason, her salary was reduced to £200, and the £40 of the first year deducted from the £200 of the second. Another teacher received £1 2s. 11d. more than her salary, and she pocketed it and made no moan, remembering that no reason was ever given by the Pretoria officials. There were a good many people in the department at this time who would have given a good slice of their income for a peep at the departmental accounts.

The last thing any teacher could do with safety was to go Home on leave, for to a certainty his billet was given to some one else before his return.

One of the most flagrant cases of this kind was the dismissal of the Head Master of the Boys' High School in Johannesburg. After six months' leave in England, he arrived with his wife and child at Cape Town to find a telegram informing him his services were no longer required. He went up to Johannesburg, but got no satisfaction. Another well-known man received the same treatment, but fought the department and won his case, and the Government was forced to give him another billet in a different department. A lady-principal, a most excellent woman and a popular head-mistress, was deposed, and her place filled by a friend of an official, while she herself had to take a position simply as assistant at her own school.

According to the Treaty of Vereeniging, ele-

mentary education was free, and all the books, writing, drawing and painting materials were supplied free of charge. The requisitioning and obtaining of "stock" was a source of sorrow and tears to the teacher, and as the extravagance of the first officials hampered the later ones, the extraction of any stock from the department can only be likened to a dental operation. One teacher requested twenty-five exercise books for her class of twenty-five girls—and received twelve. Another asked for four dozen thimbles for her children, and was sent a full supply of tailors' thimbles which fitted her thumb. A certain teacher was insistent on getting what she wanted, and the earliest opportunity was taken of sending her to a malarial district. Yet the students at the Normal College, Pretoria, were lodged, boarded, taught and trained for nothing, and were supplied with a liberal allowance of pocket money.

In the country matters were still worse. I knew two Canadian teachers, sisters, who were sent to a farm-school miles away from anywhere. They were driven from the station to the "school-house"—an unfloored tent badly put up. It was the rainy season, and the wind in the night blew the tent down, and when dawn broke, girls, tent, clothes and food, were a dripping, sodden mass, and for miles around there was no visible habitation. The teachers, who were young and energetic, arose from the débris and were attempting to dig a trench round the tent with a trowel, their only tool, when luckily a member of the South African Constabulary rode past and demanded an explanation of the scene. He immediately rode back to his camp and ordered out a company of men with fuel and food, and the teachers were made as comfortable as circumstances would allow.

These farm-schools were placed, in the first case, at any spot, without any regard for the protection of the teachers. In a country where the black man is five to one white, young English girls were left alone in a tent at the utter mercy of any roving Kafir; in many cases they were fresh from Home, without firearms and without any knowledge of how to use them if they had them.

At a farm-school forty miles beyond the railway-terminus of Rustenburg, two girls lived alone, their nearest neighbours being a mile away at a Boer farm. One night their little tin house was surrounded by a band of drunken Kafirs, who tried the crazy doors and windows. In desperation, in almost hopeless despair, one of the teachers seized the school bell and rang it loud and long. The Kafirs thought it was a signal and made off, but there was no one within earshot all around. In another case an Australian girl and a young Dutchwoman shared a school-house, and the latter always went to her relations for the week-end, leaving the former alone. One Saturday night, after spending a few of her long lonely hours at revolver practice, the young Australian was thinking of going to bed, when some drunken white men going past broke in, shouting, "Where is the pretty girl from Sydney?" The girl fetched out her revolver and placed herself at her barricaded door, when a man of the S.A.C., riding up with her mails from town, saved the situation.

Sometimes I have thought we paid too highly in our young womanhood for the education of the backveld Boers.

Experience, however, taught the department severe lessons, and the country schools were eventually placed close to some protecting farm. These were, however, by no means always comfortable

spots. Sometimes the teacher was lodged in the farmhouse itself. I know one middle-aged woman who was given a bedroom divided by a five-foot high wooden partition from the apartment of the Dutch schoolmaster, and when she ran away next day, the department suspended her for not giving due notice.

I have quoted only a few of the pages I have in my notebook on the hardships of the teachers, and I am able and willing to give the name and the address of every man and woman whose case I have cited.

In the early days the teachers had no redress. They had no one to turn to, no court of appeal. On one occasion two of them wrote to Sir Arthur Lawley, who handed their case to the director, who did nothing for them. In many cases the teachers wrote to the director, and their letters were held up by some member of the Pretoria Kindergarten who took it upon him to reply: "I am instructed by the director to say," etc. etc., when the director knew nothing of the matter. Small wonder that many of them, sick at heart at perpetual injustice, threw up their billets and went Home, or took other work.

When the teachers' association was started, no meetings were allowed to be held without the presence of one or more officials, which was an arrangement fair neither to the teachers nor to the officials. Gradually the association acquired more power, and on one or two occasions indited hard matters to the director and his Kindergarten. Then one of the first newspapers of the Transvaal espoused the cause of education, and the Legislative Assembly—at that time a nominated body—began to ask pertinent questions which allowed of no evasion.

Changes and still more changes took place in the Kindergarten, and the department has gradually become a satisfactory one.

Of the three divisions, farm-schools, elementary and secondary schools, the most satisfactory are the elementary schools. Well equipped, well staffed, they are doing most excellent work in the country. The secondary schools, of which there are only eight in the entire Transvaal, have not been treated with the same attention on the part of the officials as the primary schools; the numbers are fluctuating, and not what they ought to be—in Johannesburg especially. In that town they are rivalled by several excellent private schools, and where the Government High Schools can boast of only about four hundred pupils, private enterprises have two thousand.

I will hardly touch on the “coping stone of the educational edifice,” the Transvaal University College. It still preserves too much of the Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera about it. The committee which govern it—it is not under the Education Department—have a splendid piece of land on which to build a university town; they have a large sum of money to devote to it; they have the professors—but they have not the students to justify an existence worthy the grandiloquent title bestowed on the College. The idea of the sponsors is that, given the university, the students will come, but other people “hae their doots.”

Taking the educational system of the Transvaal as a whole, it is at the end of this year of grace 1907 in excellent order. Since the war the number of children taught in Government schools has been more than doubled. But there is one danger to be guarded against. The appointments of the teachers are now largely in the hands of school committees—

in a short time it will be School Boards—who are purely Dutch in the country districts. The district inspector and finally the director have a voice in the matter, but in spite of this there is no doubt the Dutch will prefer, as the contracts of the British teachers expire, to supplant them by Dutch. No greater mistake from an educational point of view could be made, to say nothing of the Imperial point of view, and it is a matter that in the coming year must not be lost sight of.

As it is, I hear rumours of mooted retrenchment of officials, district inspectors and others. No doubt before this can be printed the retrenchments will have taken place. It is the same tale in different departments. The one or two who are superfluous in times of depression will be sent Home, and when affairs expand and become more prosperous, their old places will be filled by Dutchmen.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WOMEN OF THE TRANSVAAL.

IN the beginning of this twentieth century, when women are coming to the front in every country and in every career, it is not to be wondered at that in a new land like the Transvaal they are working side by side with the men. On my return to England I was, however, astonished to be told that "South Africa was a Paradise for women." That idea is as erroneous as the "Chinese slavery" one. It would be interesting, if one had the time, to trace the origin of such topsy-turvy impressions.

The women of the Transvaal may be divided into two classes, the country women and the town women. The former class includes Dutch and British, the Dutch greatly outnumbering the British. They have both the same difficulties to encounter and hardships to brave, and I do not err when I give the palm for energy to the British and for perseverance to the Dutch.

Once more—the chief difficulty in the lot of the women is the scarcity and expensiveness of labour. I have already touched on the wages paid to Kafirs. White maids brought out by the Immigration Society bound themselves over to accept nothing less than £48 a year. Within a month of their arrival, they invariably demanded to have a Kafir to do the rough work for them. When they were

given one, they did not always get on with him, and the position had its difficulties.

Generally speaking, the British mistress of a house turned to and did a good deal for herself. Not so the Dutch woman. To her mind certain duties were "Kafirs' work," and she would starve rather than touch them.

A British woman married in a country district of the Transvaal must be an all-round good worker if she means to be a success. In the first place, she must be adaptable before all things. She must be a good cook, for even supposing she is lucky enough to have a Kafir chef, he will work for only six months, and if there should happen to be illness in the house, the chances are ten to one he will decamp at once. To be a nurse knowing everything of children's sicknesses is an imperative necessity, for she may be many miles from a doctor,—twenty to forty being no uncommon distance. A knowledge of laundry-work is most useful, for in a hot country washing dresses and blouses are a heavy item in a washing-bill, and natives have a way of hanging a muslin skirt or silk frock to dry on a barbed-wire fence or a prickly pear bush as a really secure method of preventing its being carried off by the wind. For the same reason of excessive rough usage in washing nearly every woman in South Africa is a dressmaker. Pretty prints and muslins may be had for very little, but the making of the article costs a great deal. Therefore in a country where a girl must have a good stock of clothes, she makes them herself. To be a good carpenter, gardener, horsewoman, and revolver-shot stand a woman in excellent stead, and the social graces and follow after.

The women of the towns have not quite such a

hard time in some ways, but then again they often have to help their husbands to earn a living. In Johannesburg, where everything is still extremely expensive, a man other than an artisan cannot marry on £400 a year unless his wife has money or works for herself. Hence a great number of women retain their occupation when they marry.

The reputation for frivolity which the Johannesburg women gained, justly or unjustly before the war, could hardly attach to them now. True, they --some of them--still love dress and dance in season and out of season, through slumps and depressions, on the eve of Kafir risings, through wars and rumours of wars. They still attend race-meetings in handpainted chiffons trimmed with point d'Alençon embroidered in pearls and silver, with feathers, fans and sunshades, powder and paint. But--these people are in a very small minority. By far the greater majority have risen to the demands made on them by the country and the times, and devote a great portion of their life to good works. It matters not if the depression is deadly, should a cause for charity arise, the money is found. I do not think, I could not say, that the women of Johannesburg were a luxury-loving race, and the luxury of the most luxurious house is not to be compared with the comfort of an ordinary middle-class house in England. And should necessity arise and comforts and even house and home depart, the Johannesburg woman does not grumble. With a laugh she turns to make a joke of it, and "*toujours gaie*" in the best sense might be her motto. The hardships and exigencies of the last years in Johannesburg have developed qualities of fibre, tenacity and an almost invincible cheerfulness in its population, and the women stand shoulder to

shoulder with the men—a first-class fighting race. Such a people are bound to “win through,”—they could not fail in the end. Whether under the Union Jack or the “Vierkleur” they will come to the front at last.

There are three distinct societies amongst the Johannesburg women, the British, the Dutch and the Jewish, and they have their own charitable and philanthropical organisations. Although they rarely overlap, they are on perfectly friendly terms and are ready to join hands in a great cause. Amongst the British are many Jewesses and a few Dutch, and in the Jewish societies there are many British, but the Dutch are purely Dutch and African-born.

The largest women’s organisation in South Africa is the Guild of Loyal Women. Founded in Cape Colony during the war, it has extended through all the colonies. The Transvaal branch with headquarters in Johannesburg is philanthropical, charitable, in a small degree educational, but not political. It is in every sense a British society with the motto “For King and Empire,” and, although very few Dutch belong to it, they look with favour on it, in the country districts especially. Should, however, politics be touched on in the slightest degree, the influence won by the Guild would be lost. Amongst its chief works are the founding of the Queen Victoria Hospital for Women, the Alexandra Convalescent Home, the Guild Cottage for respectable women and girls who are temporarily destitute, the tending of the soldiers’ graves, soup-kitchens and benevolent work, the distribution of literature in the hospitals and amongst lonely railway-men, etc., etc. In nearly every town and dorp there are branches of the Guild which spread out a network of help all over the country.

One of the most interesting, as well as the most criticised, of its works is the tending of the soldiers' graves. The Guild throughout South Africa has located, put in order, and marked six thousand miles of graves. The man on the spot has sometimes criticised it rather roughly, deprecating the spending of money on the dead rather than on the living. But did he see a few of the hundreds upon hundreds of letters received every year from relations in the Home Islands, Canada and Australia, he might have reason to change his mind. With the assistance of the War Office, nearly all the graves in the Transvaal, at least, have been marked, and when it is once accomplished, kindly nature may be allowed to do her work. The battlefields and large cemeteries in Pretoria, Johannesburg and other places are beautifully kept, the most difficult work lying, of course, in the country. It is no uncommon thing for a loyal woman of the Guild in some remote part of the colony, to take her Cape cart and horses and drive two days' journey into the veld to erect an iron cross on some lonely grave, and snap-shot the place for the benefit of an unknown woman seven thousand miles away. In this work the Guild has met with generous help from members of the South African Constabulary and the Public Works Department. Every year, on the Sunday next All Saints' Day, and in many places on Christmas Day, a memorial service is held, and the graves are decked with flowers.

The South African Women's Federation (Zuid Afrika Vrouwn Federatie) is older than the Guild, political as well as philanthropical, and purely Dutch. With the far-sightedness of their race, while not neglecting charity, they have done a great deal towards capturing the young people. The

Langlaagte Orphanage, where 300 children are cared for, educated, taught a trade, and brought up in the faith and traditions of the South African Dutch; Miss Hobhouse's school of weaving in Johannesburg; an institute where girls are taught dress-making, laundry-work, lace-making and other useful occupations, and Dutch Schools, have their sympathy and active assistance, if they have not been actually founded by the Federation. In each one of those institutions a love of country, a reverence for the names of the Dutch leaders who fell in the war, and faith in their flag—not the Union Jack—are carefully cultivated. In short, politics is an important study, and the children imbibe it eagerly.

The Federation also conducts a purely political campaign throughout the colony and has branches in the other colonies. To combat in some measure the influence of the Federation, the British women banded themselves together in the "British Women's League" in August, 1906, but although the League has a big number of adherents, it has not the influence of the Federation. Englishwomen do not take to politics as a whole, while the Dutchwomen, as I said before, are born politicians. They are level-headed, persevering to stubbornness, and cute and clever to a degree.

The Jewish women's societies are several,—the Jewish Ladies' Communal League, the Jewish Ladies' Association, the Jewish Ladies' Society, and the Jewish Ladies' Benevolent Society, and others. True to the traditions of their nation, they allow of no pauperism; they help indigent Jews—amongst whom are hundreds of Russians—to help themselves. Orphaned children are cared for and brought up in the faith of Moses in the South African Jewish Orphanage on the Kensington Estate,—an institu-

tion founded and carried on by the Jewish ladies. Like the Dutch they believe in the bending of the twig, and they keep their young people together by means of many social institutions. The women are bright, intelligent and pushing ; as fluent, vivid, impassioned orators they have no equals. They have an extraordinary influence over their men and their children, on whom they lavish the best possible educational advantages. The children themselves have a juvenile association with all the usual officials and regulations, and I have seen a boy of twelve act as chairman at a children's concert where over a hundred juveniles were present, and perfect order prevailed. In a community like that of Johannesburg where there are many very poor Jews, a large, pushing middle-class, and a few refined and cultivated people, it is difficult to generalise, but they form an intelligent, thrifty, loyal and law-abiding asset.

Of other nationalities the Germans and Americans come most into prominence. The Germans are famous for their originality, and whatever the American ladies undertake is carried out with the thoroughness and acumen of their nation.

Throughout the Transvaal the occupations for women are much the same as in this country. There are a few doctors and journalists, many hundreds of teachers, typists, Post Office assistants and nurses, besides a great number engaged in business. The salaries are much higher than in the Home Islands, and although expenses are very heavy, a girl has a better chance of saving money, if she chooses. In the Education Department, assistants' salaries range from £120 a year to £430, an average salary being £240 to £300 a year. I say assistants, because there are very few head-mistresses, except for Infant

Departments, whose salaries average £300 a year. Post Office clerks have salaries ranging from £120 to £240 a year. Typists, just after the war, drew high pay, a good typist with some knowledge of conveyancing making as much as £40 per month. In these times of depression £17 10s. a month is an average, and a girl drawing £25 a month considers herself very well off. Nurses are least well paid, £5 or £6 a month being the salary at most hospitals, while private nurses earn about £5 a week.

When the expenses of living and moving about are considered, the salaries immediately assume less imposing proportions. The private hotel or hostel, which was for a long time reserved for the Government teachers, now opens its doors to other civil servants, and the charge of £8 to £9 per month for board and lodging is the most reasonable in Johannesburg. Other primary expenses for the teacher are washing, £1 per month, library subscription £1 ls. per annum, church pew £2 2s. per annum; a much-needed annual holiday cannot be had for much less than £30, and £20 is a small enough sum for dress. It will therefore be seen that £175 goes in ordinary expenses, in which I have not even included stamps, paper, or books. If the teacher prefers to rent a room in one of the many residential blocks in town, her expenses mount still higher. The rent of one unfurnished room is anything from £54 per annum, and a couple of rooms can hardly be had under £100 a year. Two meals a day at some neighbouring café will run away with from £5 to £6 a month, and tea and scones for breakfast always mount up. Then all amusements, theatres, concerts, are very expensive, and doctors' and dentists' bills little short of terrifying. In Pretoria and Potchefstroom expenses are much the same

as in Johannesburg. The country teacher scores in some ways, but her railway expenses to the nearest town, to take the edge off the dulness and routine of the life, are heavy. The Government teachers can have, once a year, a railway concession-ticket, and in several ways their expenses are hardly as heavy as those of other working women. The worst item of all is the annual holiday, for a woman cannot continue for long at an altitude of 6,000 feet without a holiday to the sea-level. The return fare to Cape Town is fifteen guineas, and to Durban nine, and as very few of the oversea teachers have friends in these towns, hotel and boarding-house charges are a heavy item.

The Immigration Society sent out several hundreds of young women as servants, their passage out being helped by the Home Government at one end and the Transvaal Government at the other. Since the Dutch Government came into office, they have refused assistance in passage money, and the Immigration Office is closed, as it is quite against the principles of Dutch politicians to encourage further British emigration. The servants who came out were paid from £48 to £72 a year, with board and lodging; in the great majority of cases they did very well and many of them married after a year's residence. The first arrivals, however, were greatly disillusioned, for it seemed that most of them expected rows of millionaires to await them with an offer of heart and fortune the moment they touched Transvaal soil. A certain mistress of a house was surprised and annoyed on going to the kitchen one day to find her maid in tears. "What is the matter, Jane?" she inquired. "I thought you had got over your home-sickness?"

"It's not that," sobbed Jane. "I've been in the

country now for two months and I am not engaged. What's more, I've not had a single offer yet. I quite expected you,"—sob, sob—"to introduce me to your gentlemen friends, and you haven't done it."

"Emigration Jane" has now found her level, and in her own rank in life she finds that husbands are not lacking, and those girls who are in situations on the mines have usually a chance of marrying comfortably.

The women of the Transvaal have been reproached with their lack of interest in literature, with the fact that they have never heard of Bernard Shaw, and that, although they are to a great extent musical, they cannot paint. Such a reproach recoils on the head of the reproacher. Until the country is in a fair way of being settled and prosperous, a woman is of more use at other things than *les beaux arts*. There are her household duties first, her municipal or rural duties, and her political duties to be attended to, and it is of greater use to her to be a fearless horsewoman and good shot, a woman of strong nerves and great common-sense, than to be a dabbler in art or literature. To have your name in the Poets' Corner of the local paper does not save you when you have to flee by night with your children from a Kafir rising.

The life of the Transvaal woman, British or Dutch, demands more, and consequently develops character better, than the life led by thousands upon thousands of Englishwomen at home, whose interests are limited to the affairs of church or chapel, and who are thrown into a state of unparalleled excitement over, say, the engagement of the pet curate. The Transvaal women are not perfect, but they are better all-round women than their English sisters, and when good times come there will be

little fear that they will stand behind them in culture. It must be remembered that a pioneer of the women's movement and famous novelist twenty years ago was a sixteen-year-old South African, brought up on a karoo farm—Olive Schreiner. And I know of one gallant lady, middle-aged and deformed, who during the war rode sixty miles on horseback to warn a British column of an ambush.

I think of all the Transvaal women have gone through, of their grit, their pertinacity, their level-headedness, their good-fellowship, their common-sense, and I stand in danger of crying, like the Irishman, "Hats off to the women of the Transvaal—those first-class fighting men!"

CHAPTER X.

THE JEWS OF JOHANNESBURG.

THERE are twelve thousand Jewish families in Johannesburg and on the Rand, and it is only fair that such a large section of the community should have a chapter, if only a short one, to themselves.

The Jews come from every quarter of Europe. There are refined and cultured Jews from England and Germany, hundreds of Russians in very poor circumstances and speaking only Russian when they arrive, and Jews of every class from nearly every country. There are extremely wealthy Jews, and the poorest of the poor, but there are no paupers and there are no beggars. Every type is represented there, from the tall, fair, slender Polish Jew to the very short, squat, dark Russian, and including the red-haired and almost red-eyed English.

Up in Johannesburg seven thousand miles from anywhere, this remarkable race seems bound together by an even stronger tie than binds them in Europe, and one characteristic jumps up at you—their loyalty to the English King who has given them a chance of happy existence. True to their traditions they are chiefly engaged in trade, but many of the younger people are studying mining, and some of the older, who have already made large fortunes, have bought land. The remark often made that Jews are not farmers is correct; since the days of their exile very few countries have given them the chance of

acquiring land to prove whether they could or could not be farmers. It is a pity that they stand utterly aloof from sharing the duties and responsibilities of government. A few are town councillors, but only a very small number volunteered as candidates for the Legislative Assembly. From their numbers, from their undoubted capacity, and in many cases from their great wealth, they ought to share more in the responsibilities of the colony.

The organisation of their religious, educational, charitable and philanthropical institutions is above all praise. The fact that in several lean, very lean years, no Jew ever applied to the Johannesburg municipality for relief, is in itself high testimony to their philanthropical societies, but no Jew is ever pauperised—he must make some return for what he gets. On one occasion I thought I had caught them napping; I used to see a beautiful dark-eyed boy of ten, a cripple, begging in the streets. It was so unusual to see a professional beggar in Johannesburg that I watched him and finally spoke to him. But we could not come to terms on a language, for none that I spoke could he understand. I then told the Chief Rabbi of him, thinking him a Russian Jew. That energetic gentleman, horrified that a Jew should be a beggar, lost no time in finding out about the child, and sent me word in two days that he was no Jew but an Assyrian. Again, the Mayor of Johannesburg, watching with a Jewish gentleman the candidates for municipal relief, cried with something like triumph, “Ha, here is one of you at last!” But he was doomed to disappointment, for all that the Jew climbed the municipal steps for was an address.

The usual Jewish societies flourish. The Chevra Kadisha promotes the furtherance of the interests of

Judaism, and holds out a helping hand to the poor and sick. Herzl Zionists and Territorialists have their representatives by thousands, and I have already touched on the many societies of the Jewish women. The orphans are cared for at the Orphanage, and besides the Jewish school under the Education Department there is a Hebrew High School for Boys. The last named is highly interesting and has fought its way to success through many difficulties. It is a free school for the poorest children, and contains many little Russians who, two years ago, knew not one word of English. The boys are brought up according to the purest Jewish traditions, and many hours a day are devoted to the study of Hebrew. By the time they are ten years of age, they read the Hebrew bible in Hebrew with an ease that many English professors might envy. The Jewish children as a whole are intelligent and very musical, and make the best of their advantages.

Concerts, dances, and gaieties of various descriptions are greatly indulged in by the Jews, and give the young people a chance of becoming acquainted with each other in a natural manner, with the ultimate object in view of their marrying in their own community. Weddings are conducted with pomp and circumstance, and, I may add, with great extravagance. They take place as a rule, on Sunday afternoon, and the synagogue is invariably packed with people. To the chanting of a "Hallelujah" the bridegroom, preceded by the Rabbi, is conducted under the gold and purple canopy which is borne by four unmarried men. Then comes the bride with her "unterfuehrers," followed by a regal band of pages, bridesmaids, and flower girls, gay in brocaded satins, embroideries, jewel-sewn lace, flowers and

feathers. After the impressive ceremony, which includes the sharing of a cup of wine by bride and bridegroom and the breaking of a glass under the bridegroom's heel as a symbol of the indestructibility of the union, the wedding party, accompanied by the whole synagogue, proceed to some hall where a wedding breakfast of many courses is ready for the four or five hundred guests. Generally speaking, a ball in the evening closes the eventful day.

The Jews have their faults, and they know them better than I do, but bigotry is not one of them, and there is an exchange of courtesies between them and other societies in many directions. One of the most remarkable is the support given by Jews to Roman Catholic institutions. The Nazareth Home is an establishment for orphaned children and aged people in the care of Roman Catholic sisters, and gets strong pecuniary support from the Jews, and all over South Africa Jewish girls are found in Roman Catholic convent-schools.

Hospitable and kind, hardworking and thrifty, the Jews form a notable part of the Johannesburg population, and if they succeed when other people fail, it is because they deserve success.

CHAPTER XI.

INDUSTRIES—PRESENT AND FUTURE.

GOLD, diamonds, ostrich feathers—embodied in a fan for the Queen as the outward and most misleading symbol of the wealth of South Africa—were the sole products of that country the man in the street and I ever heard of in the days of our childhood.

So many British people still retain the mental picture of their schooldays that it may almost hurt them to be told that it is not a strictly truthful one. South Africa is not, after all, a sandy desert where rough men pick up diamonds and nuggets by the sackful, and timid ostriches zigzag over the karoo in haste to evade the over-zealous plucker.

In the first place, although diamonds are a valuable asset, they are not picked up anywhere, and the Transvaal Government claims 60 per cent. of their value.

In the second place, gold is not found in nugget form at all, but is embedded in the reef and is only obtainable after a highly scientific process of crushing and washing. There is nothing speculative about the gold-mines of the Transvaal; the size, productive capacity, and "life" of a mine are gauged by the surveyor with tolerable accuracy, although occasionally a freak of nature may upset the most careful calculations. A gold-mine is just as straightforward

and honest as, and much less dangerous to miners than, a coal-mine.

Thirdly, the ostrich is not timid and does not hide its face in the sand to conceal its blushes as I used to imagine. Nothing in life makes me feel so small and nervous and anxious to creep away as the haughty and supercilious ostrich surveying me in a *Vere de Vere* manner with the evident intention of finding the best place for a blow with his foot. And the hardy ostrich farmer has sometimes barely escaped on horseback with his life from the gigantic and bad-tempered bird. Ostrich-farming is not, by the way, a Transvaal industry, and has been confined chiefly to Cape Colony and the Orange River Colony. It is doubtful if the birds can stand the cold of winter at a higher altitude.

In the Transvaal at the present time the one industry in any manner developed is gold-mining. So much has been written on the subject by abler pens than mine, that I will pass over it to other industries which are still in their infancy. But on one point I must touch before I proceed : the Transvaal is so full of minerals other than gold and diamonds—copper, iron, coal, mica, tin, nickel and lead—that its wealth is inestimable.

The area of the Transvaal covers seventy-five million acres of land, and the white population numbered 300,000 at the census in 1903. Of these, 150,000 are set down as farmers or engaged in farming, and the average farm is six thousand acres in extent.

In passing through the country the impression made is that very little of it is cultivated, but even then it strikes one as almost incredible that the colony is still importing farm-produce to the tune of £3,000,000 per annum. Before the war the

farmers gave their whole attention to stock-breeding, but other branches of farming are now claiming their interest. With diligence and intelligence, in a short time there ought to be no more importing of frozen meat to the country. Nay, in a few years the Transvaal ought to be in a position to export beef and mutton and to set up its own wool factories.

A very interesting industry—still, naturally enough, in a small way—was started by Miss Emily Hobhouse just after the war, and has since made wonderful progress. Miss Hobhouse gathered together a number of young Boer girls, orphaned by the war, in a couple of cottages at Langlaagte, near Johannesburg, sent to England for the necessary outfit, and started a school for spinning and weaving. It was very quietly and unostentatiously done, and few people knew of the existence of the school until an exhibition was held in Johannesburg of the work done.

It was quite amazing in quantity and quality, and the softness of colouring and combinations of tints showed that the Boer girl, in spite of her natural love of a purple gown with crude pink ribbons, has an eye to colour. In the time that has passed since that exhibition still more progress has been made, and now all the wool used, native, merino and Angora, is grown on Transvaal or Orange River Colony farms; dyed artistic colours obtained from veld plants and flowers, spun, generally speaking, at the farms, and woven at the "Weavery" into dress-materials, blankets, shawls, rugs, portières, and carpets. At first the Swedish teacher employed at the school taught the girls Swedish designs, then Persian, but now they have evolved a Transvaal school from the flora of the country. Mealie foliage.

with a Dutch motto woven in as a border, and the *wacht een bietje* thorn are favourite designs, and I have also seen the old "Vierkleur," the Dutch flag, figuring on rugs and carpets with the implied intimation that though lost to sight it was to memory dear—and possibly within reach of an ultimate resurrection. Lovely silky material of Angora wool in cream, turquoise and strawberry makes warm and pretty evening cloaks and children's coats, and the shawls rival those of Shetland in softness and warmth. A number of exhibits from this school and a sister-institution at Philippolis were sent to the South African exhibition in London at the end of 1906, and were much appreciated. Should the Dutch girls, who after all are not too fond of steady hard work, persevere in this industry in which they have made such wonderful progress, Transvaal rugs and carpets might in time have a market as large and important as Oriental or Brussels goods.

From Transvaal wool to cotton is an easy transition, and there are great possibilities of development for the cotton market, although so far the growing of the plant has hardly passed the experimental stage. There is so much variety of climate and of altitude in the colony that the best spots for cotton growing have not yet been decided on. In the bush-veld, with its warm sub-tropical climate and frosts, it is risky; in the Rustenburg district it is promising, but perhaps in the Zoutpansberg country the prospects for winter cotton are best.

More interesting, because more uncommon and more difficult, is the development of the ramie industry, which has been tried with greater or lesser success in various parts of the world, but with the greatest amount of success in the north-eastern

Transvaal and Rhodesia. Ramie is a broad-leafed plant, producing a fibre which when woven makes an excellent silky material for upholstering purposes. A finer and more delicate quality is useful for ladies' dress-materials, and ramie blouses are already for sale in our West End shops.

Turning to food-stuffs, the most important is the mealie, grown at small cost and little trouble all over the country. The mealie is a plant to delight the eye of an artist with strong bold lines of stem and leaf and cob of yellow seeds in rows of mathematical precision. The cob is a favourite dish in South Africa; boiled until soft and eaten (fingers and teeth—no forks) with butter, salt and pepper, I know of few better or more wholesome dishes. Until recently, mealie meal, of which porridge is made, was the only other variety of food-stuff made from this plant, but within the last couple of years the making of fanko at the factory of Messrs. Fleming in Johannesburg, has firmly established one more Transvaal industry. Fanko is in reality the grounding of the mealie seed into a delicate flake which can be used with eggs and milk to make the most delicious puddings and biscuits. It stands to reason that the mealie being indigenous to Africa makes, in any of its forms, a more wholesome and digestible dish than any imported meal, and is bound gradually to oust European cereals from the African market. Cape barley and Algerian oats and wheat can also be grown in certain parts of the Transvaal.

In the early days the Voor-trekkers took with them seeds and slips of fruit trees from the beautiful orchards of Cape Colony and planted them in the Transvaal. With a due amount of watering and a very little attention, almost anything—excepting

tropical fruits—will grow, and with surprising rapidity. I saw a man lay out an orchard on the top of a kopje round his house; in July, the height of winter, he put in some slips of peach, nectarine and apricot trees; in August they blossomed, and in October the fruit was as large as a thimble.

During the war the fruit trees were completely neglected and many cut down, but in the years that have elapsed since then a marvellous change has taken place. A most glorious sight at the end of winter and before a single drop of rain has fallen is the sudden outburst of blossom in the orchards. I have seen acres of pink peach-blossom growing on trees almost devoid of cultivation, interspersed with willows in their dress of early green, and the whole effect was of pink and green shot silk. In the orange groves of Rustenburg, and again at the Irene Estate near Pretoria, and in Mr. Samuel Marks' well-known orchard of twenty thousand trees, the sudden blossoming is a thing to be remembered. Pomegranates in thick hedgerows starring the green foliage with burning scarlet flowers, prickly pears, aggressive and defiant on their thorny leaves which the soldiers aptly named "barbed wire cabbages," grapes, whether the Muscat of Alexandria or the sweet and popular "honey-pot," naartjes of vivid colouring, luscious pears and plums as well as grenadillas and melons, are amongst the most successful fruits grown in the colony. Apples and strawberries, curiously, have not the flavour of the English fruit, but it must be remembered that, after all, five years is a short period to develop a fruit garden, and people have been so occupied with other and more important matters that fruit-growing has not been taken very seriously. Until the building of Johannesburg the

Dutch lacked any incentive in the matter; beyond the making of the family "comfyt," at which the Dutch women are exceedingly skilful, there was no use for an abundant supply. There were no railways and no markets. As it is, tons of fruit rot every year in the gardens of outlying farms, although the new railways made since the British occupation have been of great value in bringing the produce to the towns. The Johannesburg market is well stocked now with the semi-tropical fruits of Natal, bananas, avocado pears, custard apples, loquats, guavas, pine-apples, and that curious fruit so reminiscent of furniture-polish, mangoes.

Yet in spite of the abundance of fruit and of the fact that the Transvaal and Natal grow sugar, both cane and beet, there are very few jam factories. Dear labour is again undoubtedly the chief difficulty, and it is absurd that jam made on the spot should be more expensive than that brought from England.

In Cape Colony excellent light wines, both red and white, are produced, and many kinds of liqueur, of which Van der Hum, made from the naartje, is the best. For a long time it was thought impractical to attempt viticulture in the Transvaal. In Cape Colony, which has a different watershed, the rainy season is in winter, and the summer is long and dry and well suited for the ripening of the grape. In the Transvaal again not a drop of rain falls in the long brilliant winter, and the wet season occurs in summer. Most of the rain falls in tropical thunderstorms just at the time when heavy rain or hail would ruin the grapes. However, Mr. Zoccala, an Italian well-known in Johannesburg circles, has succeeded in establishing a wine-growing estate outside Johannesburg. He employs Italian labourers and

methods, and the results are very satisfactory. It must be remembered once more that this industry is, like the others, in its infancy.

Tobacco thrives lustily in many parts, and coffee, sugar, the castor-oil plant, and many others are past the experimental stage. Potatoes and all kinds of vegetables grow easily and quickly.

It would be a huge mistake, however, to imagine that agriculture in the Transvaal is an easy business. I cannot imagine it being harder in any part of the globe. The chief troubles the farmer has to contend with are drought, dear labour, locusts, hailstorms, rinderpest, and horse-sickness. In fact, if you go carefully through the ten plagues of Egypt, you will find most of them still thriving in the Transvaal.

The average rainfall in the Transvaal is as good as in England but it falls all at once, and hitherto there has been almost no attempt at storing it. Every afternoon in summer a thunderstorm is to be expected, and often these storms are of great violence. There is no river, stream, or lake, other than the mine dams, anywhere near Johannesburg, yet I have seen a train come to a standstill in the Noord Street embankment in a foot and a half of water after a forty minutes' "shower." In winter the red soil is baked and dry, and as hard as cast-iron. But given irrigation works, a well-planned general scheme for the country, and farming would be revolutionised.

I have already written of the scarcity of labour, and of the costliness of the Kafir, and I find, to my sorrow, I must now tackle another of the Transvaal's burning problems, the employment of the British Indian. The white market-gardener, Briton or Boer, has two formidable rivals in the Chinaman and

the Indian. The Chinaman is, however, to be found in very restricted numbers, his right of entrance to the Transvaal being barred by the Asiatic Ordinance. But the British Indian claims that as a British subject he has a right to settle in any part of the British domains. He has overrun Natal, and is making a big fight over his rights in the Transvaal. Now if there is one thing on which Boer and Briton are agreed, it is that the Indian is not going to overrun the Transvaal and oust the white man; hence the unanimous passing of the British Indian Ordinance on the first day of the Transvaal Parliament. The Indian has now been ordered to register himself, and he has much resented the command. The British public, interested no doubt in his fate, may rest assured of one thing: that the Government of General Botha will take its own way in this matter. And Botha in this matter is right.

Perhaps the most overwhelming trouble is the locust pest, and to exterminate it is an impossibility unless the colonies of South Africa federate. What boots it if the Transvaal Government spend thousands of pounds in killing the locust in the "voet-ganger" stage before the wings develop, if nothing is done in the Kalahari desert, where they breed in millions? The Dutch believed them to be a punishment from God. In fact, last year, when the north was visited by an overwhelming swarm, the farmers gave it as their opinion that the youth of Lydenburg had brought it on the country because they played cricket on Sunday.

I wonder what Johannesburg had done to deserve its visitation of locusts last March. One Wednesday at ten in the morning the advance guard of many millions appeared, like white butterflies flitting over

the houses. Then came the army, millions upon millions, mile upon mile. The Kimberley mail cut across the swarm and reported it twenty miles in breadth, but nobody, not even the most imaginative Johannesburger, could express any idea as to its length. Till five o'clock in the afternoon there was a ceaseless flitting past of locusts, but fortunately that day they did not alight. It is to be remembered that a locust of one summer is two inches long and the parent often measures four.

Two days after a worse thing happened. I was in Park Town in the early afternoon, and saw what I imagined was a heavy thunder-cloud coming up from the south-west. I hurried to reach the trams on the brow of the hill, when the ragged brown edges of the cloud disclosed it as an enormous swarm of locusts. By the time I reached the tram-lines they had burst on the town, and sluggish with over-feeding, they covered the streets with a brown crawling carpet. Trains were stopped, motor-cars skidded, trams became unmanageable on the greasy lines, and an all-pervading oily stench filled the air. In Commissioner Street a raging public faced a blizzard of locusts. They struck you in the face and got under your hat and bit your neck. They caught in ladies' veils and under their sunshades, and slipped up their muslin dresses and bit the delicate fabric to rags. They covered the walls and roofs of the houses and feasted on the drawing-room curtains and on the plants in the balcony. And outside the town there was not a green leaf or blade left.

Next morning the papers warned the public that the reservoirs had been poisoned by the locusts, and one newspaper announced that there were four hundred and twenty-nine billion locusts lying dead

in Commissioner Street, and if you did not believe it you could go and count them for yourself. That day those who could went out of town for change of air.

I do not think the locust will be exterminated until some enterprising Transvaaler finds another industry by extracting oil from him. When a price is once set on his head he will disappear completely in a few years.

CHAPTER XII.

AN AFRICAN BATTLEFIELD.

I HAD long wished to visit one of the great battlefields of South Africa, and at last it came within my power to do so. I had been in Durban for a short holiday, and on my way up-country I made up my mind to stop at Ladysmith.

It was quite early in the morning that our train from Durban, after toiling all night over the hills, drew up quietly and unostentatiously at the little station of Ladysmith. I had been hanging out of the window for miles before—a very dangerous practice in South Africa—tracing in the semi-darkness, as far as my imagination and a certain knowledge of facts could help me, the advance of Buller's army, pitifully helped out by the little white crosses along the line. At last we passed through the edge of hills, and slipped into the saucer-like depression in which Ladysmith lies. I felt a certain sense of disappointment at the silence; I felt as if we ought to have arrived with the roar of guns and the clash of battle—as if Ladysmith, with its world-famed siege, could never again settle down to the ordinary routine of daily life. We stepped down the platform as the train moved off up-country, expecting every minute to hear a 4·7 go off somewhere, or the sudden call to arms of a bugle; but all was silence. A glorious sunrise was flaming up in crimson and gold behind Umbelwan, and all the kopjes surrounding

the little town were blue and purple. Ladysmith was hardly awake, and as we walked, shivering in the cold, wintry air, through the streets to the hotel, I thought of a March morning at home, when the cry arose that Ladysmith was relieved, and all the world went mad. I could not believe that I had reached one goal of my ambition, and, turning to my friend, said, "Are you quite sure that I am here?" to the extreme astonishment of the hotel-porter.

A big fire and breakfast revived us, and about half-past eight a Cape cart and pair of horses drew up at the door, and we climbed in, taking with us a well-packed hamper and wraps, for the long drive of nineteen miles to our objective, Spion Kop, would be cold in the early morning.

It is only now and again in life that we feel intensely alert—when we feel that all our capacity for seeing, hearing, and learning, all the faculties that we may have been training unconsciously for years for one supreme hour, are scarcely adequate to grasp everything around that we want to seize and make our own. "One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name" I quoted as we drove out of Ladysmith, climbing up the steep edge of the saucer, where on the one side the Gordons held their ground, and on the other stood the camp of the Natal Carbineers. Passing over the edge we drove out upon miles and miles of veld covered with the yellow, withered grass of winter, and, to our great astonishment, as flat as a floor. On we went—the kopje to the left was Waggon Hill, memorable in all time for its gallant defence on that terrible 6th of January. Across a spruit, the only depression, and on again. Nine o'clock passed—ten o'clock—and still a flat and yellow veld, waving

lines in the distance, and at last, many miles away, the blue wall of the Drakensberg, tipped with snow. And the question kept recurring to my mind again and again—"Why did not Buller come in this way?" A flat, hard road, where the transports would have rolled in three in a line, where the soldiers could have romped in a hundred abreast!

At last, at a bend in the road, Spion Kop became visible, and, after having driven ten or twelve miles altogether, we stopped near a small Kafir kraal; and, while the others went to inspect it, I took out my paper and pens and made a hasty sketch of Spion Kop, still some six or eight miles distant. A long ridge, with a spur to the right; to the left two Spitz Kops—but all one mountain—standing high above the surrounding country. Rising ground, rough and broken, extended on the left; and some miles to the right of Spion Kop—four or possibly six miles—stood a couple of kopjes. I gazed round, and found no solution to my question.

From where we rested the ground sloped slightly downwards, and, about eleven o'clock, we pulled up at the bottom of the mountain; and, leaving the cart and horses at a hut, we prepared to climb the hill from this, the easier side—held, on the day of battle, by the Boers. In all our nineteen-mile drive the only people we met were a farmer and his wife in a trap, and a couple or more of Kafirs; and we passed no habitation at all except the Kafir kraal. Here, at the bottom of the hill, a white man had a small store, a stable, and a little hut for the use of visitors to the battlefield. The climb up the hill was steep; and, as the sun was now very hot, it was with a sense of great relief that we neared the top. The hill is absolutely bare, without any shelter, the only vegetation being red aloes, and here and there a

scrubby-looking shrub. At last we gained the summit at the spot where the monument to the memory of the Imperial Light Infantry stands—a monolith of blue and red stone, with, on the side facing Ladysmith and the foe, a white marble slab, on which are inscribed the names of the many men who died that day, beginning with Lieutenant Kynoch-Shand and ending with Private White. Theirs was the youngest battalion on the hill, scarce three months being the age of their regimental life; and theirs was the post of honour on that side of the mountain nearest the foe, who were in the Spitz Kop spurs.

Then we climbed further to where the summit of the hill is one vast graveyard. At the highest point an octagon of white marble has been erected, inscribed with the names of those who fell in all the regiments engaged except the Imperial Light Infantry—the Lancastrians, the Lancasters, Thorneycroft's, the Scottish Rifles, the Middlesex, and all the rest. Smaller monuments have been raised by the friends of many of the officers—one where General Woodgate fell, mortally wounded—and little white crosses are everywhere. "Here lies a brave soldier" a little apart from the others; and there, extending many yards across the hill, the terrible trench where hundreds were buried where they fell. The whole is encircled by a 6-foot high barbed wire fence, and is most beautifully kept, the white crosses and the white stones standing in high relief from the red-brown earth. Towards the end of the north-west spur of the mountain a group of graves marks the spot where a handful of brave burghers made their last stand.

Then we turned and looked over the precipitous side of the mountain up which the British troops had

climbed—looked across to where the Tugela twists like a silver ribbon, 1,800 feet below. To the north and west—and, of course, a good distance off—extended the weird outline of the Drakensberg, with hideous contorted peaks, a veritable mountain-range in a nightmare; and down below lay the grotesque South African landscape, all veld and bare kopjes, yellow and dried up; and I thought to myself it was a country of the devil's own making. And again rose up that question, "Why?" If the battle had resulted in any good one might have forgiven it. Why not, when the fight was raging, have pushed in 10,000 of the men lying idly by and longing to be "in it" between Ladysmith and Spion Kop across the plain, where all further advance would have been a mere romp in? But where military heads have failed to understand, why wonder that a civilian mind should be utterly baffled by this horrible puzzle of a military blunder?

They sleep peacefully, those men who fell on Spion Kop. There is no sound of any kind—there are no birds: the butterflies hovering over the rare white flowers and miniature irises make no fluttering with their wings. There let them rest, far, far removed from the turmoil of the world.

We descended the hill slowly to the hut where we had left the horses, and, while waiting, I took up the visitors' book and glanced at the names of those who had come from the ends of the earth to visit the battlefield. There were names from the Home Islands, from Canada, America, India, Australia. There were the unspeakable banalities written down by the thoughtless, senseless tourist or flippant schoolgirl, and there was one pathetic line written by a man who had come from Sydney—"I will ever remember."

As we drove away I turned and looked back. You could not find a more fitting resting-place for an army of heroes than the wind-swept heights of Spion Kop. That mountain stands solitary, silent, dignified, apart—a consecrated monument. And if ever that rebellious, protesting “Why?” should arise—why this hideous battle should ever have taken place—answer it by a ringing cry—that once more the world might see how unquestioningly a Briton will die for his country. And as I bowed my head and turned my face towards Ladysmith I too said—“I will ever remember!”

* * * * *

But you? You have forgotten.

You have forgotten the toils of the campaign. You have forgotten the men who fell in battle and the thousands who died of wounds and of disease. You have forgotten the homes in England whose light went out in the great Boer War. And you have given back the country unconditionally to the men who were your enemies.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INTERDEPENDENCE OF THE FIVE COLONIES.

THE present position of the five colonies is a curious one, and can only be transitory. Each is independent of the other; each has its own Parliament, with the exception of Rhodesia, which has its own council; each holds a different opinion of local matters, yet the one cannot influence the other. For example, the settlement of the labour question in the Transvaal may affect the future of Cape Colony, yet Cape Colony has no voice in the matter. Again, the Asiatic question in Natal puts the back up of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, yet they have no influence over the affairs in Natal. Each colony is self-governing, but in the strictly internal affairs of South Africa the people are not self-governing. They have no South African Government with which to govern. At present they are governed through, not by, the High Commissioner, who is not independent, but is subject to the control of the Secretary of State for the Colonies at Westminster, who again is subject to the control of the Imperial Parliament. Now, this is where you, the man in the street, come in. You elect that Parliament, and neither you nor they know much about South Africa. The position is exactly like this. Please imagine that the whole population of Great Britain is divided into two industries, coal-mining and farming, and that I, seven thousand miles off

in the Transvaal, with less than no knowledge of coal-mining or farming, dictate to you ways, means and methods of carrying on your occupations. How would you like it ?

In many ways the colonies might remain independent, but on the most weighty questions they must be united, and a Federal Parliament, quite independent of the Home one, alone can decide them. On educational matters they can remain independent ; on farming matters, at first sight, also, one might agree on independence—until one is suddenly arrested by difficulties. Diseases of cattle and horses are rife and many are infectious. Then what use is there to attempt to stamp them out until all the colonies have agreed to adopt certain precautions and stringent laws ? Again, there is the locust pest. Is it likely that the Transvaal will continue spending thousands of pounds on the destruction of young locusts by arsenical spraying if little or nothing is done in Orangia or the Bechuanaland Protectorate ? Locusts are no respecters of geographical distinctions, and if the Transvaal is green when the Kalahari Desert is yellow, is it likely they will stop at the border ?

Again, each colony has its volunteers, but there is no central governing body with the right to order them out on emergency.

Still more serious is the native question, and as recent events have proved, a solution brooks of no delay.

Lord Selborne in his recent Blue-Book on “ The Federation of the South African Colonies ” writes : “ The white population of this country must never forget that they are committed to such a path as few nations have trod before them, and scarcely one has trod with success. The task imposed on them is the

establishment of a self-contained and self-governing society on the basis of a race utterly removed from themselves in descent, habits, and civilisation. Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the United States of America, with the partial exception of the Southern States, have no such problem to face. . . . Their task is to lead upwards in Christian civilisation the natives of South Africa, who are in many different stages of development.”

From the Cape of Good Hope to the Zambesi there are over seven million natives. In Cape Colony, the oldest of all, there are several thousands of educated natives; I have seen the number put down as twenty thousand, but it is difficult to get statistics. It is the one colony in which a civilised native has the vote, for although Natal has granted the vote, it is hedged about by so many qualifications that the native does not use it. In the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, not only does he not have the franchise, but the mere mention of it rouses all the old Adam in Boer and Briton alike. The position in Cape Colony is certainly a curious one, where Kafirs with a certain veneer of civilisation are granted the vote denied to white women. In fact the position of the native in Cape Colony is not one that a Transvaaler is able to discuss in cool blood. Natives in Cape Colony have the same rights as white men, ride in the same trains, work side by side with white men, rub shoulders with white women in the streets, and intermarry with them. In no other colony are these things tolerated. In Orangia and the Transvaal, where there are practically no educated natives, Roman-Dutch law forbids the marriage of black with white, and the line of demarcation is kept with some rigidity. Hence there is only a very small class of coloured or half-caste people as against a

very large one at the Cape. It is surely in the interests of humanity at large to keep the distinction set up by Nature. Give the black man his due, give him a well-defined position, but keep the races apart.

Considering the ignorance of the home people regarding South African affairs, a remark of the High Commissioner's in the Blue-Book to the effect that there are no slaves in South Africa, and that there never will be any, is not as remarkable as it appeared at first sight. To me, fresh from South Africa, where the black man is paid so much better than the white man at home, it appeared as superfluous as if a German reporting on a visit to Great Britain said : "There are no slaves in Scotland." It must appeal, however, to the Aboriginal Societies, for although they would scorn the assurance of a mere scribbler like myself, they must respect the testimony of our High Commissioner.

Until all the colonies of South Africa agree to federate, there can be no settled native policy, and until that time comes the native will never be contented. It is exceedingly difficult for him to understand why he should have different laws to obey by the mere crossing of a border, and why things that are lawful to him in one colony are forbidden in another. It is an extremely unsatisfactory state of affairs.

The problem of how to treat the native, how to educate him, is a very difficult one, yet the very existence of the white man in South Africa is dependent on the correct solution of it. It must be solved by the people of South Africa themselves. The Home Parliament cannot do it, and the Aboriginal Societies only hinder it. The harm these Aboriginal Societies and their friends are doing is beyond computation. They are stirring up the natives against

the colonists, and they fail to realise that it is the women and children of the white men who, surrounded by black hordes, suffer first. The British South African despises such societies, and the Dutch South African, who is in power at present, brushes them aside as the outpourings of irresponsibles, the vapourings of some more "mad English." All the same, the Aboriginal Society is doing its best to cause a disruption from the Empire of South Africa. Bound up with the native question are the side-issues, holding a position of only slightly less importance, of the Indians, the Chinese, and half-caste coloured people.

Natal has never succeeded in making her natives work, and for many years has employed Indians, both as indoor and outdoor servants, indentured for a fixed period like the Chinese on the Rand. But she made a fatal error in not repatriating them at the expiration of their contracts. Now they have overrun the colony, and are 100,000 strong, ousting, by their ability to toil in a semi-tropical sun, the white man. The Governments of the Transvaal and Orangia have prohibited the entrance of the Indians to their territories, and those already in the Transvaal are required to register themselves. An understanding of some kind regarding such a complicated situation must be arrived at before federation can be arranged, and whatever the British may say on the matter, the Dutch have very strong views—and the Dutch are in power.

An even greater difficulty in the way of federation, and one that is just as imperative of solution as the native question, is the railways and customs problem. The railways throughout South Africa are State railways, each colony having its own, and the revenue is in every case applied for State purposes. The

traffic might be divided into two classes, the oversea traffic, which is the greater, and the local traffic. Naturally the competition between rival routes to inland colonies, and especially to Johannesburg and Pretoria, is great. The mining industry of the reef places orders through local men rather than through agencies in Europe and America, thus establishing a strong commercial interest which affects the ports of British South Africa. But should they, disregarding patriotic feelings, bring in their imports by Delagoa Bay, by far the nearest port, the British South African ports would suffer terribly.

The principal South African railways are :—

(a) From Cape Town, via Kimberley, to the Victoria Falls, a branch from Fourteen Streams taking the Transvaal traffic to Potchefstroom, Johannesburg and Pretoria.

(b) From Cape Town, via Norvals Pont and Bloemfontein, to Johannesburg, the three colonies, Cape Colony, Orangia, and the Transvaal, having a share in the revenue.

(c) From East London and Port Elizabeth, via Bloemfontein, to Johannesburg.

(d) From Durban to Johannesburg and Pretoria.

(e) From Delagoa Bay to Pretoria and Johannesburg.

At present they are mainly supported by oversea traffic. The traffic to Johannesburg, the chief market, may be hauled over three or four competitive routes. Now, a special rate on oversea traffic would be of great value, but it is almost impossible to give it, because State railways fear the charge of discrimination. Competition on the routes cannot have free play because the Central South African Railway depends for its revenue on the route by which traffic

travels, and the cheapest route for oversea traffic could only be accurately determined by a war of rates. Free competition would lead to a "natural route" being discovered, but in the existing state of affairs the colonies could not allow it. The object of the administration of the unified railway would be to bring the traffic by the natural route to the benefit of the British ports and of the inland consumer. Yet it would not pay the unified railways to bring all the traffic by a single route, because through traffic greatly resists the cheap working of local traffic.

The first aim of every railway in South Africa ought to be to increase the local traffic, for the cost of living must remain high until local production is developed. Therefore the best policy is to produce requirements locally instead of trying to reduce the through rate at the expense of the local traffic or industry. Local production only will reduce the cost of living all round, and the encouragement of local traffic is a much sounder policy from every point of view than the encouragement of oversea traffic. Rates should be fixed to increase interchange of products as much as possible and thus avoid empty return trucks.

But it will be seen at a glance how difficult it is to evolve any system under the present circumstances when each colony is bound to fight for its own interests. Political pressure could be brought to favour particular sections, and the best interests of the railway might be injured in order to foster a particular district by building lines or granting rates not justified on railway grounds. Or, local industries and products might be protected against outside competition by putting higher rates on outside products

than on its own. Or reductions in rates might not even be made when required because they might interfere with the National Budget.

The Blue-Book of July, 1907, to which I am indebted for the gist of many of my remarks on railway unification, says: "Unification would lead to more stable trade conditions Railway unification must form part of a Federal Union. Federation is a necessary preliminary to railway unification, because a permanent joint railway committee would be hampered by disputes between representatives of various colonies and could not consider without bias the interests of South Africa as a whole. Several colonies would probably only surrender control of the railways to a Federal Parliament."

The Customs is another knotty point, as can easily be seen from the railway difficulties, and the "Customs Convention" is simply "a compromise between the five South African colonies because men shrink from the results of a disruption of the convention."

You will perhaps have noticed that I have said very little of Rhodesia—from the fact that I have never been there and know little about it. The boundary line between the Transvaal and that colony is fifteen hundred miles from Cape Town. Men speak of it as a beautiful, fertile and healthy country, abounding in game and rich in minerals. Mining men who have gone from the Rand have generally succeeded very well in mining in a small way on their own account. Farmers, too, are contented with their prospects, but I must admit I hardly see where they are to find their markets in the future for a large output. It is a far cry to Johannesburg for perish-

able stuff, and yet it is the nearest large town. Tobacco, cotton, ramie, etc., will find a European market through an east coast port, but unless some large town, possibly a mining one, springs up in Rhodesia itself, the farmers will scarcely become a wealthy race. Still, South Africa is a country of surprises, and good, honest, hard work will never be thrown away on her.

CHAPTER XIV.

FIXED IDEAS.

I HAVE noticed that English people, as apart from other varieties of British, have always suffered from fixed ideas. Scotchmen were to them until quite recently a kilt-wearing, haggis-eating, unhumorous race, talking a barbarous language, and Germans an uncouth, mannerless people, entirely beneath the notice of a nation like the English. That all native tribes are "noble savages" and that Britannia still rules the waves, are two still popular fallacies.

Therefore I know the difficulties ahead of me when I refute, as I do emphatically, the following fallacious but fixed ideas :

(1) That the mine magnate is a foreign monster living in Park Lane on the products of the "slaves," black, white and yellow, of the Transvaal.

(2) That a Briton, directly he touches African soil, becomes contaminated, and is henceforward neither honourable, nor honest, nor just.

(3) That Johannesburg is a town living on speculation and composed of millionaires and "stiffs."

(4) That there is bitter racial feeling on the part of the British towards the Dutch and of the Dutch towards the British.

These are a few of the accusations that you, the man in the street, forgetting ancient British ideas of justice and fair-play, levy against your brothers

in South Africa, without the faintest idea of the true conditions of things.

Now as touching the first.

Twenty years ago there was some truth in the statement that the financiers and mining-magnates were foreigners, and as they made money they left Africa for more luxurious places. But that type of man has become practically extinct. There are, certainly, still a few who never set foot on African shores, which is doubtless for the benefit of Africa, and we do not grudge them to Park Lane. But the lot of a Johannesburg millionaire has never been a happy one. One was shot. Two went mad and committed suicide. Another was told by his doctors that if he did not stop work he would die. He told them that he would die if he stopped. He tried to stop—and he died. Another became insane but recovered. One or two others saved themselves in more ways than one by going to Europe and staying there. Therefore it will be seen that of the financiers of the early days, principally Jews, very few remain. It is once more a survival of the fittest.

I hold no brief for those who remain, but in common justice they must be allowed to be capable and honest men. Several of them have bought huge “farms” and are settling for good in South Africa. Their children are being brought up in the country, with, certainly, a few years at school and college in Europe—and for the country.

Under Krüger's régime no Uitlander could settle in the land unless he forswore his own country and became a naturalised Transvaaler. Even then he was not allowed a vote or a say in matters, and was an outcast both in his own land and in Africa. Small wonder, then, that the English did not settle on the land. Since the war only five years have

passed, and they have been unsettled with all the *Sturm und Drang* of a new country, but there are indications everywhere that the British population love the country and the climate, and, given even possible conditions of living, will settle down there.

Since my return I have heard men say that if the mining-magnates, instead of entering the political arena, had devoted their attention to improvements in mine-machinery, the great difficulty of labour would have been minimised. It is very difficult to live in South Africa and keep out of politics, and had the mining people done so, they would immediately have been accused of indifference to the affairs of the land they live in. They certainly have a right to a big share in the governing of it, for if they had not been early in the field with their energy, vitality and brains, none of the thousands of British people earning a good livelihood on the Rand would be there now. They have staked everything in the country, and they have put their shareholders' money as well as their own in the mines; they are responsible to them, and they would be fools if they did not look after their joint interests.

Now regarding the second and third points. For real, genuine hypocrisy and injustice the second point has not its equal. It is as if the self-righteous Pharisee said to himself, "I am not clever enough or enterprising or courageous enough to face the difficulties of Africa. Let me blacken all those who are." Between the millionaires, the wealthiest class, on the one side, and the "stiffs," the lowest, on the other, there are all the serried ranks of clergy, doctors, soldiers, lawyers, teachers, railway people, engineers, tradespeople, accountants, mining people

of all grades, architects, Civil servants, etc., etc., etc. There is mud in every large town and it sinks naturally enough to the bottom, but do you mean to tell me that those men, your brothers, cousins, friends, are any less honourable and respectable than yourselves because they live in Africa? Do you think that you, who live at home at ease, are superior to the Johannesburgers because they live a more strenuous, more hard-working life than you, a life fraught with worries and difficulties that you do not dream of? There are strong and upright men in every profession, trade and occupation, and the standard of truth, morality and justice is upheld as rigidly by them as by you in England.

As regards the fourth item, racial feeling was reduced to vanishing point. Individually, between Boer and Briton I would have said a year ago there was none. Their children grow up in harmony and learn side by side at school.

Politically there are the two distinct parties with their distinct aims and objects. But even at the time of the election last year for the first Parliament under British rule proceedings were marked by great keenness and activity, but neither by bitterness nor rough play.

But in the last months things have changed. The British and the Dutch would have settled down side by side under Botha had he fulfilled his promises and given them equality. But every mail brings news of more and still more British being driven from their posts and out of the country. A revival of the old Uitlander doctrine is being preached in Cape Colony and threatens to spread to the other colonies; it claims the right for the older inhabitants to direct the fortunes of South Africa to the exclusion

of those who have settled in the country. Yet the Transvaal has been made by the settlers and is being supported by English money.

I have been told since my return that we, the British, ought to hold out our right hand in friendliness to the Dutch. We have done so for the last five years, but the speakers—they were ecclesiastical gentlemen—forget that now it is the Dutch who are in a position to hold out a friendly, magnanimous, even condescending, hand to us.

They are in the position, but do not do so. With that same right hand they are pushing the British, quite legally, quite politely, but no less firmly, out of the country.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PRESENT POSITION.

THERE is a certain type of man in South Africa. whom I might call Ichabod, whose one cry is, " Ah, you should have seen it before the war ! " To him the glory of everything has departed. It has been said that when the British Association paid their visit to South Africa a couple of years ago, they waxed enthusiastic over the Southern Cross, and Ichabod, coming up gloomily from behind, cried, " Ah, you should have seen it before the war ! "

But in spite of depression and poverty the glory has not gone from the sub-continent. The foundations dug by Lord Milner are strong and secure, and although the builders have failed to erect a rapidly-built palace, the steady building of the edifice has continued.

Of the departments organised under our first Pro-Consul, the Railways, the Post Office, the magistracy and bench, the Constabulary, the Volunteers, the Government land settlements and the Education Department were handed over in good order to the Dutch, who came into power in March, 1907. The railways in the Transvaal have been excellently organised and worked ; the postal system is very satisfactory, although Johannesburg sometimes growls ; the S.A.C. has done very good and rather thankless work all over the vast, solitary country ; the volunteer force boasts of a regiment

or two like the South African Light Horse and Imperial Light Horse, ready to take the field at a day's notice; the land settlements have put about 20,000 morgen under cultivation, and the schools are educating more than double the children than before the war. Not a bad record in five years.

It was with some misgivings that Crown Colony officials handed over their departments. According to promises made by Botha before his accession, the British Civil servants were to remain in office. Yet according to a speech of Mr. Smuts made at Pretoria on March 23rd, 1906, "It will be the work of Het Volk to try its best for those Dutch ex-Civil servants now out of billets. They must be put back in their old positions."

It *has* been the work of Het Volk, for since June last, when the new Parliament entered on its duties, many hundreds of British Civil servants have been retrenched. Statistics have been published only up to June 30th, and it is extremely difficult to obtain exact figures of retrenchments in any given department, for things move very rapidly in South Africa, and the figures for one month would not remain correct for two. Since June retrenchments are numbered by the hundred, and by every mail comes news of more. Quite recently every department has suffered. Allowing for the necessity of a certain reduction now that departments are in order, and for a further one on account of bad times, still the cutting down is extreme. Further, over a hundred "new" posts have been created—and they have not been filled by ex-British officials. The British Civil servants have served their country faithfully in times of storm and stress, and they are now amongst the unemployed. Had they been absolutely incompetent people, no one could complain,

but it is not likely that several years' experience would make them inefficient.

The Dutch are acting in a perfectly legal manner in their dismissals. They are too clever to do anything without a very plausible excuse. If none is to be found, an easy method of driving out a Briton, especially in the country districts, is by the simple and efficacious expedient of "freezing him out." An Englishman and his family in a remote district, finding themselves boycotted by the surrounding community, would not consider life worth living in the Transvaal for long.

Certain departments, such as the Railways, Schools and Post Office, the Dutch are wise enough not to touch very much—yet, for they know they have not people qualified to take the place of those dismissed—yet. Not only in the Education Department, but also in the Post Office and the Chamber of Mines, was the order given to learn Dutch. I state this merely as a fact, and not as a hardship, for after all it does British people no harm to know a language or two besides their own. But when good times come and departments expand, then comes the danger, for without a doubt new officials appointed will be Dutch, not British.

A burning question at the present moment is the position of the British Indian. I have already said Briton and Boer were unanimous on the point of keeping his numbers in the Transvaal limited. The British Indians there are largely of a low caste, with the exception of a few well-to-do traders and the barrister whose name is so often mentioned in connection with the passive resistance movement. A number are engaged as small market-gardeners and a still greater in hawking fruit about the towns and villages. It was amongst those people that bubonic

plague broke out in Johannesburg four years ago, the infection having been carried by rats in fruit baskets from an East Coast port.

The Transvaal Government are now carrying out the law passed without one dissentient voice on the first day of the inauguration of the new Parliament at Pretoria. Indians resident in the colony were ordered to register themselves within a certain time or leave the Transvaal. Owing to the cleverness of the Indians in personating each other, nothing was easier for them than to delude the authorities on the Natal-Transvaal border. Hence the fiat went forth that they were to be registered by the system of finger-prints, and the Indians are furiously incensed, holding it to be a degradation. They have resisted registration and the Government is now carrying out the sentence of deportation. In this they have the colony, Dutch and British, at their back. If the Indians, protesting "religious" convictions unintelligible to their South African fellow-subjects, refuse to obey the laws of a country to which they emigrate, they must abide by the result—or stay at home in India. South Africa has problems enough without the Indian one, and as the Indians are never likely to be enfranchised there, it would be far better for them and simpler for the Transvaal if they kept out of it.

The position the Imperial Parliament now finds itself in, between the Transvaal on one side and the Indian Empire on the other, is a truly enviable one.

I now come to the Chinese question. Botha said the Chinese must go, but not before a substitute was found for every man. There still remain 37,000 Chinese on the Rand, and Botha is moving heaven and earth to get a supply of Kafirs to take their places. He is bringing "piccanins" to the mines;

he has tried half-caste "Cape boys" from Cape Colony; he is sending north beyond latitude 22 deg. for more—tribes that cannot stand the rigorous winter of the Rand; he has appealed to Natal for the rebellious Zulu. He may find a supply for a few months, but when the first six months are over and the Kafirs *en masse* go to their kraals, what then?

One of two things may happen. When the loan of five millions, paid by the genial, light-hearted, generous British taxpayer, is exhausted, the Transvaal will once more in its history become bankrupt. Before then the mining houses may withdraw themselves and their capital to more promising prospects.

The other and more likely thing is that the Dutch will compromise with the great mining houses, who may give more than five millions for the retention of the remaining Chinese.

Meanwhile untold misery sweeps the Transvaal. The home and foreign investor has lost every atom of faith in a country which has become the sacrifice of party politics. The people with money in the Transvaal, the mining people, have refused to spend more in developments until the labour supply is found.

The country is in a state of unparalleled depression. The coast towns, far as they are from the centre of the depression, are languishing; the dorps and small towns of the Transvaal feel it acutely, but it is in Johannesburg that want and privation are most felt.

Where two years ago a busy traffic filled the streets with rushing motor-cars, carriages, Cape-carts and vans, quietness reigns. Silent streets, empty shops, closed buildings, proclaim the result of a divergence of opinion on the questions of labour for the mines.

In the last three years the white population of Johannesburg has decreased by the enormous number of almost 20,000. The country was rounding the corner after a struggle when the Liberals came into office and gave forth the mandate that the Chinese were to be repatriated, when an unsettled and dissatisfied feeling at once made itself felt. Had Botha at the opening of Parliament last March, while giving the assurance of a sufficient labour supply, said clearly where he was to find it, or had he more recently made it known that from chief such-and-such, tribe so-and-so, and kraal this-and-that, the requisite thousands were forthcoming, the developing of the mining industry would have continued and a prosperous country would have been the result. Had the pronouncement been other than it was, the mining houses were ready to have placed fifteen millions into developing with a result very different from the present.

I see no chance of prosperity for the colony until the Dutch Government admits the mining industry to be the leading one, and allows it unrestricted scope. That industry must be strong on its feet in order to help the younger industries, which ought in their turn to make the colony prosperous and self-supporting.

This, then, is the position of the Transvaal; the Dutch are in power, the British are in a hopeless minority; poverty reigns supreme, while the labour problem is as far from a solution as ever.

The Dutch party is strongly in power in both the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, and the elections for Cape Colony take place directly. Should the Dutch party be returned, it will be seen at once that South Africa becomes Dutch from the sea to the Limpopo. Natal, loyal as the colony has

always been, has become more or less alienated by the inconsistent attitude towards the native question of the Liberal Government, and by the insulting interference of various unimportant societies at home.

If I had the tongue of angels I would implore you now to be careful in your attitude towards South Africa. In that country are many thousands of your countrymen—brothers, cousins, friends; for that country Britain has spent many millions of money and shed the blood of her best sons. Yet in Britain there are weaklings who, “through a craven fear of being great,” cry out against Imperialism, against the colonies. “If South Africa will go, let her go.” These people should be confined in a lunatic asylum or a sanatorium until their brains have recovered and their nerves are strong again.

“How many a thing which we let fall with scorn,
When others pick it up becomes a gem.”

It is incredible that the value of South Africa should be underrated when it becomes daily more apparent how hopelessly overcrowded the Home Islands are. If you have absolutely no sympathy with your brothers and countrymen there, have at least some consideration for the future of your sons. No longer does England possess a monopoly of trade. Yearly the competition amongst the nations becomes greater; yearly the outlook for unannexed land keener. Surely you make provision for your own children before those of another man? Surely you leave your estates to your sons rather than to a stranger?

Already the anti-Imperialist has sickened the colonists with his distorted, diseased ideas of the position in Africa, and the Little Englander has caused a contemptuous smile. Now the

last person the Dutch will appreciate is the man who underrates his own nation and maligns his own countrymen. They will fool such a man to the top of his bent, make use of him when they can, laugh at him at his back, and get rid of him at the earliest opportunity.

I was in Johannesburg twenty months ago when the Liberal Government sent out the first Chinese proclamation to the Chinese "slaves"—to the gaiety of nations—other nations. It would be difficult to say who were most angry over it, the British or the Chinese. At one mine the latter tore down the proclamation giving them their "liberty," and another had to be put up behind fine wire netting. Directly after came the Zulu rebellion in Natal, and so enraged were the South African colonies, so bitter and so angry with the Home Government, that, had it been possible, they would have broken away. Given another crisis of the kind in more prosperous times, and the British will go solid with the Dutch for independence and a Republic.

I wish to quote a striking paragraph in an article by Mr. H. Belloc in the *Morning Post*:—

"I have thought when I have heard men blaming the story of England or her present mood for false reasons, or, what is worse, praising her for false reasons; when I have heard the men of the cities talking wild talk got from maps and from print, or the disappointed men talking wild talk of another kind, expecting impossible or foreign perfections from their own kindred—I have often thought, I say, when I have heard the folly upon either side (and the mass of it daily increases), that it would be a wholesome thing if one could take such a talker and make him walk from Dover to the Solway, exercising some care . . . that he should see the views of which I

speak. A man who has done that has seen England—not the name, or the map, or the rhetorical catch-word, but the thing.”

But I would do more. I would take such a talker and make him walk from Cape Town to the Zambesi by way of the karoo, the veld, the fever district and the mountains. And by the grace of God at the end of that journey he might have some idea of our possessions in South Africa and the people who inhabit them.

VALEDICTORY LETTER.

TO THE MAN IN THE STREET.

DEAR SIR,—In judging your countrymen in South Africa, remember that none—neither the people in high places nor those in low—have had any training or previous knowledge of the country. They are of yourselves, taken from your surroundings, and placed, perhaps suddenly, in that distant country. It is different in other parts of the Empire. The Indian Civil Service prepares young men for service in the Indian Empire, where there is a tradition of service. Again, in Canada and Australia there are not the complexities and problems of existence that abound in South Africa. A mistake is more easily made in Africa, and it is never forgiven.

In no country in the world does Nemesis overtake a man as swiftly and as surely as there. In Britain you often hear it said: "That man deserves the worst." In Africa he gets it. It does not matter if the error is made through ignorance, weakness, stupidity, or wickedness, the punishment is the same. There is no time to cry, "I have made a mistake!" With a stinging blow, Africa demands your life or your departure, and you stand not in the order of your going—you go at once. Africa gives no second chance.

It is as if the Englishman sits down to a game of chess with an unknown player. The player is the Spirit of Africa playing behind a veil, and the chess-board is that wonderful country. The Englishman plays with all the skill at his command, with absolute honesty of purpose, but he plays the game according to English rules. Now, Africa will have the game according to African rules; but she does not stop to explain them, and if the Englishman makes a mistake, she sweeps him off the board, and another man takes his place. To the man who eventually learns the game and makes no mistake, to him Africa will open her treasures and shower on him honour and gold beyond his dreams.

Lord Milner's foundations were "well and truly laid," as subsequent events have proved, but the pity was that he found such difficulty in getting capable people to build on them. The work was both costly and unsatisfactory. The question keeps recurring to me: Were there no more capable men in England, men with brains and organising ability? Or was it that even the excellent salaries offered could not tempt them from the comforts of the old country? Success is very difficult to attain in South Africa. It requires a well-balanced head to reach it, and a still better one to stand it. The strain of long-continued effort at an altitude and in a climate like that of Pretoria or Johannesburg, is very great, and men in high places ought to have the opportunity of a change to Europe every three years in order to preserve their mental balance and to get things into their proper perspective. The race born and brought up there does not feel it, and the coming generation ought to do splendidly, being well equipped physically and mentally for the development of the country.

In the last twenty years there has been a great extension of the Colonies and of interest in the Colonies, and the next twenty ought to see a more marked advance. The Home Islands are so hopelessly overcrowded that a perpetual exodus must take place, and amongst the emigrants there will be an ever-increasing number of the upper middle class. Surely it would be worth while for educationalists and Imperialists to find out the kind of education and training suitable for the men and women who have any intention of going to the Colonies.

It takes our best and cleverest statesmen all their time to match—or to fail in matching—the Boer in shrewdness and astuteness, yet only the smallest percentage of the Dutch have been educated as we count education. It was not the highly-educated Englishman who grappled with that country and shook it into shape. It was the man whose originality, common-sense and adaptability had not been overweighted by a certain convention which forbids any exhibition of unusual powers, whether of intellect or character. And I have seen British women with degrees and diplomas, with all the advantages of foreign travel, outwitted, outrivalled, and outdone by Dutch women who have hardly had two consecutive years' education in their lives. That the impression of high culture in the individual was accompanied by lack of success in the Transvaal was most painful and humiliating to those of us brought up in educational and university circles, for it pointed out that there is some grievous error in the higher education of English men and women. But what is wrong? There is something in English education which lays a leaden hand on originality and individuality. Not only is the development of

character and personality subordinated to the successful passing of examinations, but the pupil or teacher who shows decided individuality is cold-shouldered by the others. The lack of grit, vitality, and organising ability are the three great faults of the educated English, and when they go abroad two more are noticeable—lack of imagination and, consequently, of sympathy.

I think the average English—as apart from every other kind of Briton—love the bondage of red tape. “This is the way,” cries the Department, “walk ye in it,” and because it is safe and hedged in with formalities, they go backwards and forwards in it, in a humdrum, drab, grey life, to the pension glittering at the end. They are not allowed to reason for themselves, and obedience to orders degenerates into the unthinking response of an automatic machine to the penny pressed in the slot. Small wonder, then, that, transplanted to unknown conditions, the machines collapse.

Everyone knows the story of a new recruit to the ranks of officials in Whitehall, who inquired why a man kept pacing a certain corridor, crying, “Please keep to the left.” The older officials were shocked that anyone so young and new could ask such a question, and said there was no reason for it except that it had always been done. But the new official was of a persevering turn of mind and eventually unearthed the origin of it. Years before, in almost pre-historic times, the corridor had been painted on the right side, and a man appointed to ask the passers-by to keep to the left. Long years after the paint was dry the man continued his promenade because no one told him to stop. And the legend runs that when he died of old age another man was

given the billet because no one knew what to do with the salary.

Whether the story is true or not there is only one conclusion to arrive at. England will continue keeping to the left until some younger, keener nation will overtake her on the right.

Yours faithfully,

M. C. B.

London, Christmas, 1907.

THE FIRST VOLUMES OF
THE CITIZEN BOOKS.
EDITED BY W. BEACH THOMAS. 1s. NET EACH.

TO-DAY IN GREATER BRITAIN.

The connection of the word "Citizen" with a series of books is certainly no novelty, yet very great novelty marks the projected series of books which MR. ALSTON RIVERS announces as shortly to be inaugurated. Hitherto "citizen" has in most cases connoted "socialist," or, if not actually concealing the political propagandist, has at least been suspected of doing so. In the ALSTON RIVERS' "Citizen Books" the essential rule to be observed by all authors engaged on the scheme will be that no political bias of any kind is to be displayed.

The first of the little books, which will be issued at one shilling each, strongly bound in cloth, is entitled "To-day in Greater Britain," and will be ready early in 1908. No more concise account of the Empire can be desired; since the whole series is planned with a view to use in schools, the information is conveyed in the plainest way possible, though extreme care has been taken to make the matter readable.

Two more volumes that will be ready shortly:

THE FACE OF ENGLAND.

A much-needed book, dealing in the simplest language with the features of the country; it should be of great value for the lighter hours of education.

OUR CIVIC LIFE.

A welcome departure from the ordinary trend of books of this sort, which are purely socialistic, "Our Civic Life" is written with admirable impartiality, and should commend itself to schoolmasters and parents.

BY DUNCAN SCHWANN, M.P. 3s. 6d. NET.

THE SPIRIT OF PARLIAMENT.

So essential have the recent changes been in Parliament that the first book dealing with the House to appear since its regeneration is sure to attract special interest. It need hardly be said that Mr. Schwann advances no political views throughout the book; he merely seeks to represent the various influences and trends of thought that are to be found within the precincts of the House, and conveys all that he has to say lucidly and with restraint.

BY LAWRENCE J. BURPEE, LIBRARIAN, CARNEGIE
LIBRARY, OTTAWA, CANADA. 16s. NET.

THE SEARCH FOR THE WESTERN SEA.

Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee's volume deals with some of the most exciting and most romantic episodes in the history of the exploration of North America. Mr. Burpee is librarian of the Public Library, Ottawa, and has had exceptional opportunities of obtaining access to original documents, the information contained in which has never before been published. Besides a complete large map by Bartholomew of Central and Western Canada, it contains reproductions of various old contemporary maps and is profusely furnished with illustrations, many of them from contemporary records, while others are from photographs taken for the purpose. The volume will be found one of the most interesting narratives of exploration that have been published for many years.

Alston Rivers's Publications.

OCTOBER,



1907.

LONDON : ALSTON RIVERS, LIMITED,
BROOKE STREET, HOLBORN BARS, E.C.

"THE VIPER OF MILAN" MADE ITS AUTHOR KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD.

ENGLAND—The Spectator.—"For so young a writer Miss Bowen shows a remarkable sense of style, which, taken in conjunction with her energy and imaginative power, makes her a welcome recruit to the ranks of imaginative romancers."

SCOTLAND—The Scotsman.—"Miss Bowen is a new authoress who, with this piece of work, must take a prominent place in the ranks of present-day novelists."

AUSTRALIA—The Melbourne Argus.—"Miss Bowen writes with unusual picturesqueness for so young an authoress. Her style has remarkable qualities. She is lucid, energetic, and bold, and at the same time writes with both grace and fluency. She has a vivid picturesque fashion of describing scenes and events, and is surprisingly free from the usual faults of youth, exaggeration and a tendency to anti-climax."

AMERICA—The New York Times.—"This sounds like extravagant praise, but it will be the exceptional person who will not be aroused to unwonted enthusiasm by Miss Bowen's work. The historical novel had apparently died the final death, but Miss Bowen's manner of approaching its difficulties would seem to promise a new era in its existence. . . . She has certainly triumphed along unconventional lines."

It is no exaggeration to say that Marjorie Bowen's first novel, "*The Viper of Milan*," was welcomed throughout the English-speaking world as a romance of quite exceptional power and distinction. Her second book, "*The Glen o' Weeping*," is now ready, and bids fair to outrival the popularity of its predecessor. Any Bookseller or Library should be able to supply copies.

"THE GLEN O' WEEPING," by Marjorie Bowen.

Mr. Meyer's Pupil. By EVA LATHBURY. Second Impression. 6s.

Ever since the foundation of the publishing house of Alston Rivers, a persistent endeavour has been made to discover new authors, and to appreciate how successful has been the quest a mere glance at the firm's publications will suffice. In introducing Miss Eva Lathbury to readers of fiction, the publisher can but hope that he is not too sanguine in anticipating that the author's lively wit and whimsical outlook on the life of the leisured classes will meet with the reception which, in his opinion, it deserves. The author's style should at least escape the charge of being derivative. The volume is rendered still more attractive by means of a coloured frontispiece by Mr. R. Pannett.

The Adventures of Count O'Connor. By HENRY STACE. 6s.

A new novel writer of exceptional promise is always interesting, but when he makes his bow equipped with a story that is absolutely fresh, his chances of success are all the greater. In "The Adventures of Count O'Connor" at the Court of the Great Mogul, the author has found a theme exactly fitted to his delightful humour and vivacity. No historian has ever furnished a more convincing idea of the crafty Aurungzebe and his egregious court. The escapades of the hero, as the self-dubbed Irish "Count" may worthily be styled, are of the most extraordinary description, and are recounted so racily, that the reader can barely pause to question his veracity. The "Count's" journey from Agra to Surat is packed with incident, and though gruesome events are chronicled, the writer's innate lightheartedness completely divests them of horror.

The Lord of Latimer Street. By JANE WARDLE. Author of "The Artistic Temperament." 6s.

In the early month of the year Miss Wardle's first book made a sensation both in the literary circles and with the general public, it being a matter of common wonder how such a young lady, as she was understood to be, could have such a grasp of the artistic, commercial, and suburban worlds. That Miss Wardle would be heard of again was prophesied by more than one critic, and there seems every prospect of "The Lord of Latimer Street" going far to substantiate her claim to recognition as a writer of marked originality. As may be conjectured from the title, Miss Wardle's new book is concerned with characters of more lofty station than was the type depicted in "The Artistic Temperament." The same whimsical humour, however, pervades the story, which, it is to be hoped, is sufficiently characteristic of the author to allay any suspicion on the part of critics as to a concealment of identity.

The Meddler. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE and W. A. BRYCE. With 8 illustrations and frontispiece. 6s.

Those who affect the lighter side of literature have never been in such need of thoroughly amusing books as during the last year or two, and with the host of requests for "something with a laugh on every page," the bookseller has been powerless to comply. The publication of "The Meddler" is at least one step in the right direction; it is full of fun of the lightest, healthiest sort. The artist, too, has entered thoroughly into the spirit of a book which goes with a merry swing from start to finish.

Furze the Cruel. By JOHN TREVENA. Author of "Arminel of the West," etc. 6s.

Mr. John Trevena's rise to a high position among West Country novelists has been rapid indeed. If "A Pixy in Petticoats" revealed a talent for romance, combined with the nicest vein of rustic humour, "Arminel of the West" proved that the author was fully equal to the task of writing a really powerful novel. In his latest work he has advanced still farther, for there has been no more artistic representation of the men and women, far from simple in many respects, yet in others primitive to a degree, who dwell in the heart of Devon. When a district possesses chroniclers like Mr. Trevena, it is easy to explain why holiday makers are year by year evincing a disposition to leave the beaten tracks in their rambles.

The Turn of the Balance. By BRAND WHITLOCK. 6s.

Though it is true that many novels that have had a huge vogue in America meet with a comparatively frigid reception on this side of the Atlantic, it is equally true that when once an American book hits the British taste, the impression it leaves is far more lasting than that of the average run of publications. "The Turn of the Balance" is the work of a realist who, perhaps inspired originally by the arch-realist, Mr. Howett, has attained a realism that places him in a position entirely his own. "'The Turn of the Balance,'" says Mr. Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," "is an extraordinary piece of work. It is as true as life itself, and yet irresistible in its grip upon the reader. I know nothing with which to compare it, except Tolstoy's 'Resurrection.'"

The title gives a ready clue to the purpose of the book. "The Turn of the Balance" is a searching and sweeping arraignment of American modes of administering justice. The indictment is set forth in detail and particularity acquired through years of living at first-hand contact with the sufferers from man's inhumanity to man. The law itself is put on trial here, and all who reach from under the law's mantle black hands to crush their fellows with injustice.

The Rainy Day. Tales from the Great City. By the Author of "A London Girl," etc. Second impression. 3s. 6d.

The anonymous author of Tales from the Great City has already attained to high repute by means of "A London Girl" and "Closed Doors," in both of which his unrelenting pen exposed the depths of misery that underlie the so-called "Life of Pleasure." In his latest work, "The Rainy Day," the author turns his attention to the middle-class suburb as it existed in the eighties of last century, before the local idea was completely absorbed by the spirit of metropolitanism. To the novel reader who demands a good story, and to the student of social phenomena, "The Rainy Day" can be recommended with equal confidence.

Rivers's Popular Fiction. NOW READY.

The Glen o' Weeping. By MARJORIE BOWEN. 6s.

"Is a great improvement upon 'The Viper of Milan,' with which Miss Marjorie Bowen suddenly conquered a position for herself last year. The writer is on firm ground. It is our own history that she is playing with, and it is handled with far more confidence and power of conviction than a seasoned reader found in her Italian feast of bloodshed."—OUTLOOK.

"Such a novel as this might be placed not very far from those in which the Master of Historical Romance made such admirable use of Scottish history."—SCOTSMAN.

"Should serve to maintain the popularity, while it increases the reputation, of the author."—TRIBUNE.

"The only thing to be said about 'The Viper of Milan' and its brilliantly successful successor, 'The Glen o' Weeping,' is that they carry one completely away. There is in this second novel every fine quality of its predecessor. It is an entire and complete success."—MORNING LEADER.

"As we began by saying, Miss Bowen has an assured future, and is something of a wonder."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"The author has a sense of style and a fertile imagination."—ATHENÆUM.

Exton Manor. By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. Author of "Richard Baldock," etc. Fourth impression. 6s.

"Better than any of its predecessors. . . . Captain Thomas Turner might well say of it—could he read a story of which he is a delightful part—'That's a capital one!'"—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"Few writers of the day have the power of Mr. Marshall to enchain interest and yet to disregard conventional devices."—BYSTANDER.

"Will be read with pleasure from the first page to the last—and leave the reader still asking for more."—TRIBUNE.

"By far the best thing he has done. A novel which is not merely entertaining, but sane, wholesome and excellently observed—qualities by no means invariably found combined in modern fiction."—PUNCH.

Privy Seal. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. Author of "The Fifth Queen," etc. **6s.**

"'Privy Seal' is written with the same happy valiancy of language which made 'The Fifth Queen' so admirable, and the plan of the book is masterly. If you do not read Mr. Hueffer's book you will miss a rare enjoyment."—EVENING NEWS.

"As for the desperate political intrigues, the by-plot, the fighting, the book's whole body and action, it is admirably done."—DAILY NEWS.

World Without End. By WINIFRED GRAHAM. Author of "The Vision at the Savoy," etc. **6s.**

"One of those books that haunt! 'World Without End' has already attracted interest in high places. The incursion of an intrepid Englishman into the forbidden Shrine of Mashad is one of the most amazing tales which a novelist has had to tell. The Eastern scenes are altogether admirable. 'World Without End' is the author's best work."—WORLD.

The Amateur Emigrants. By THOS. COBB. **6s.**

"Mr. Cobb has worked a capital idea into his new novel, which is exceptionally bright and amusing."—STANDARD.

Arminel of the West. By JOHN TREVENA. Author of "A Pixy in Petticoats," **6s.**

"The author made an artistic success of his 'Pixy in Petticoats,' but this book is even better. . . . We cordially wish more power to Mr. Trevena's elbow, and more books from his pen."—FIELD.

"Arminel reminds one of that former pixy in her teasing, affectionate, plaguey ways."—DAILY MAIL.

"I have read with great delight the second volume of the author of 'A Pixy in Petticoats,' whose name, now divulged, is John Trevena. To be fresh and unconventional, and yet to have Devonshire as your *locale*, is a notable feat, and in 'Arminel of the West' Mr. Trevena does this thing."—BYSTANDER.

"Mr. Trevena has given us a strong piece of work, marked at once by observation and fancy."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"The novel is of great promise, and will delight many readers."—TRIBUNE.

"Wander with dainty Arminel through Devonshire lanes. You will end by loving her as we did."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The charm of the whole is that it displays the spirit of the moorland."—ATHENÆUM.

The Artistic Temperament. By JANE WARDLE. **6s.**

"Whoever Miss Jane Wardle may be, be or she has given us a really diverting story, the forerunner, we hope, of many others."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"It is most mysterious suddenly to find a novel by an unknown woman, which appeals to one instantly as a very faithful picture of the very people one sits next to on the tops of omnibuses, dines with occasionally in suburban drawing-rooms, and meets at one's own special brand of club or studio."—TRIBUNE.

"There is much good-natured satire and lively reading at the expense of Suburbia."—MORNING POST.

"It is safe to prophesy that Miss Wardle will be heard of again."—DAILY MAIL.

A Bunch of Blue Ribbons. By GEO. MORLEY. **6s.**

"Mr. George Morley has long since established a lasting claim upon all who are lovers of, or dwellers in, Warwickshire."—BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL.

"It is probably safe to say that no other writer could have charged a story so full of the authentic and recognisable atmosphere of Warwickshire village life."—BIRMINGHAM DAILY POST.

"We can commend Mr. Morley's rural story on many counts, and we do."—DAILY MAIL.

"This is a capital book to peruse among the woods and fields; the peasants talk very amusingly, and the scenery is well described."—GLOBE.

The Viper of Milan. 11th impression. MARJORIE BOWEN. 6s.

"Miss Bowen is to be congratulated upon entering the ranks of our fictionists with so strong a piece of work; a story for which a wide popularity may confidently be predicted."—TELEGRAPH.

A Pixy in Petticoats. JOHN TREVENA. 6s.

"'A Pixy in Petticoats' is as good a story of Dartmoor as has been written these many moons."—EVENING STANDARD.

"A glance at any chapter is almost as good as a breath of that breeze which charges at you on the top of Hay or Yes Tor."—BYSTANDER.

Collusion. THOMAS COBB. 6s.

"'Collusion' has all the brightness and cleverness which might be expected of the author of 'Mrs. Erricker's Reputation.'"—OBSERVER.

Meriel of the Moors. R. E. VERNÈDE. 6s.

The author's first essay in fiction, "The Pursuit of Mr. Faviel," was universally commended for its sparkling wit. Though "Meriel of the Moors" is more in the narrative style and bristling with excitement, the lightness of touch remains. Mr. Vernède's career as an author should be assured by his latest novel.

The Ivory Raiders. WALTER DALBY. 6s.

"Mr. Dalby's enthralling pages, of whose lively colour, indubitably the result of a rare combination of first-hand experience and innate literary talent, no adequate notion can be given within the limits of a review."—GLASGOW HERALD.

Mrs. Erricker's Reputation. THOMAS COBB. 6s.

"We can safely predict that Mr. Cobb's latest novel will be one of the hits of the present season."—LIVERPOOL COURIER.

The Fifth Queen. FORD MADDOX HUEFFER. 6s.

"It is an ambitious theme which Mr. Hueffer has taken, and we have NOTHING BUT CONGRATULATION for him on the resultant achievement; this book further strengthens his position as ONE OF THE ABLEST OF THE YOUNGER WRITERS OF THE DAY."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Richard Baldock. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. 6s.

"Unlike nearly all other novelists who appeal to the many, his work has qualities which commend it no less warmly to the few. The story of little Richard Baldock might almost have been written by the author of 'David Copperfield.'"—MR. HAMILTON FYFE in the EVENING NEWS.

The House of Merrilees. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. 6s.

"It is a pleasure to praise a book of this kind, and rare to find one in which a narrative of absorbing interest is combined with so many literary graces."—BOOKMAN.

"The best mystery novel since Sir A. Conan Doyle's 'Sign of Four.'"—DAILY GRAPHIC.

"Can recommend cordially and with confidence to those who like a really good story, well constructed and excellently told."—PUNCH.

The Pursuit of Mr. Faviel. R. E. VERNÈDE. 6s.

"Mr. Vernède is able, by his cleverness and wit, to keep up the interest of this chase from start to finish. He writes with just that light touch that is necessary. . . . This most amusing, well-written book ends exactly as such a book should end—with a gasp and a laugh and a desire to read another story by Mr. Vernède."—ACADEMY.

As Dust in the Balance. MRS. H. H. PENROSE. 6s.

"Her work is a hundred times more genuine, more moving, stronger than most of that which wins a ready hearing. 'As Dust in the Balance' is a novel remarkable no less for finish than for strength."—MORNING LEADER.

The Unequal Yoke. MRS. H. H. PENROSE. 6s.

"Mrs. H. H. Penrose, who is one of the women novelists to be taken into serious account, has not written anything better worth reading than 'The Unequal Yoke.' . . . Mrs. Penrose is a bold thinker and a strong writer."—WORLD.

The Tower of Siloam. MRS. HENRY GRAHAM. 6s.

"This extremely readable and well-contrived novel should secure for its authoress a recognised position amongst the pleasantest of our writers of light fiction."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Hugh Rendal: A Public School Story. LIONEL PORTMAN. 6s.

"I really do think this book of Mr. Portman's may be quite fairly compared with the greatest school story ever written. . . . It sets before us both the merits and the faults of the public school system."—MR. HAMILTON FYFE in the EVENING NEWS.

In Desert Keeping. EDMUND MITCHELL. 6s.

"A sincere and successful novel."—TIMES.

"Full of exciting incident, but the fine character drawing saves it from the charge of sensationalism."—GLASGOW HERALD.

Peace on Earth. REGINALD TURNER. 6s.

"The thorough originality, both in plot and treatment, of Mr. Turner's novel is its principal merit. . . . A thoroughly fresh piece of work and a novel of marked power. It gives Mr. Turner a firm position."—VANITY FAIR.

The Countermine. ARTHUR WENLOCK. 6s.

"Surely few more commendatory things can be said of any novel than may fairly be said of this one—that it makes you read whether you will or no."—SCOTSMAN.

A Captain of Men. E. ANSON MORE. 6s.

"The story is exceedingly well written, and the characters are worked out with consummate skill. The style of the book makes it doubly interesting and enjoyable."—DUNDEE COURIER.

The Friendships of Veronica. THOMAS COBB. 6s.

"It is pleasant to be able to say that his latest work is a great improvement on its immediate predecessors."—SPECTATOR.

Kit's Woman. By MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS. 3s. 6d.

"I cannot speak too highly of Mrs. Havelock Ellis's latest sketch of Cornish village life, 'Kit's Woman.' In its way, this is a little work of genius."—BYSTANDER.

"As a character study of interesting types the book is an unqualified success."—OUTLOOK.

"Mrs. Ellis's book is one of the finest things we have recently met with."—WESTERN DAILY MERCURY.

My Cornish Neighbours. MRS. HAVELOCK
ELLIS. 3s. 6d.

"This charming and characteristic volume of stories not only enhances Mrs. Ellis's already established reputation as a finished artist in the most difficult department of fiction, but it confirms her right to regard Cornwall as peculiarly her own province."—GLASGOW HERALD.

Closed Doors. Tales from the Great City. By the Author
of "A London Girl." 3s. 6d.

By his previous work the author at once established a reputation for dealing with the under-side of London life. "Closed Doors" is a social study of a still more subtle type, and the intimate knowledge of men and things which the book reveals cannot fail to increase interest in the series.

A London Girl. Tales from the Great City. ANON.
3s. 6d.

"Certain it is that the author of this pitiless tale is neither ordinary nor inexperienced. 'Baby' is a great creation. She leaps from the printed page into lovely merry life, and all through she exercises a spell over one."—DUNDEE ADVERTISER.

In Life's Byways. C. S. BRADFORD. 3s. 6d.

"They are tales of stirring incident, well worth relating, and their author has succeeded in the difficult task of keeping them free from all glamour and unreality."—BOOKMAN.

Gift Books for Autumn Publication.

(See also page 15 for Gift Books.)

Sarah the Valiant. By THEODORA WILSON WILSON.
Author of "The Magic Jujubes," "A Navvy from King's,"
etc. With 8 illustrations. 3s. 6d.

The Truant Five. By RAYMOND JACBERNS. Author of
"The New Pupil," etc. With 6 illustrations. 3s. 6d.

There is no present that is more acceptable to a girl than a nice book; yet how difficult it is to find exactly the right thing! There are, of course, dozens of books published every autumn that are harmless enough, and will, very possibly, afford a certain amount of pleasure for the moment to the average young lady—but the perfect book for girls must have so many qualities, mostly negative, no doubt, but some positive as well. The perfect girl's book should not contain any mention of "things" (as Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer would say). Well, there are plenty that do not, but where such books fall short of perfection is that "grown-ups" find them dreadfully tedious to read aloud in the family circle. That is what is wanted; a book that will interest and amuse everybody; if it comes up to that requirement it is certain to interest and amuse girls.

Here are two books that everybody will like: "Sarah the Valiant," by Theodora Wilson Wilson, is full of entertainment; the characters all live, and though pathos is never obtruded, the story is full of the tenderness of which the author has already shown herself to be possessed in "The Magic Jujubes." Raymond Jacberns's "The Truant Five" is equally certain to please. So graphically are the young people's wanderings described, that the staidest of aunts must feel the vagabond spirit thrill within her, though the common-sense denouement of the story can be relied on as an infallible moral antidote. Both books are beautifully illustrated, and the titles are worth remembering: "Sarah the Valiant" and "The Truant Five."

General Literature for Autumn Publication.

The Book of Living Poets. Edited by WALTER JERROLD. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

It has been the fashion in literary circles of late to aver that modern poetry suffers neglect at the hand of the publisher. That contemporary verse is not altogether unpatronised, however, Mr. Alston Rivers has already proved by the series of little volumes, all the work of living authors, that he has issued recently with success. That effort is now being followed up by a charming volume of upwards of 400 pages, beautifully bound and printed, entitled, "The Book of Living Poets." Every contemporary poet of distinction, from whose pen verse has been recently published, is represented; to name only a few, Swinburne, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, and Alfred Noyes.

The Slaves of Belgium. By ST. A. HARMER. 2s. net.

The pitiable case of King Leopold's subjects in the Congo has distracted attention from the condition of his Belgian lieges. Mr. Harmer is not only intimate with Belgian affairs; he has written from personal observation of the labouring classes and their environments in every district of the thickly populated little kingdom. What he has to say is set down in no sensational spirit; the book is rather a sober and serious exposition which should be read and read again by all who are earnestly concerned in the welfare of the universe.

The Spirit of the People. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. 5s. net.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has been aptly described by a well-known critic as one of the most interesting figures among present-day writers. Whether as a poet or as a writer of historical romance, he has always commanded respect, and the appearance of a new work in either direction is regarded as a literary event. It was, however, with "The Soul of London" and its companion volume, "The Heart of the Country," that the critics' pens were at their busiest, and in his advertisement to the latter book the author made it known that a third "small projection of a view of modern life" might shortly be expected. This promise is now to be redeemed by the imminent publication of "The Spirit of the People."

To vaunt the new and concluding volume of the series as more charming than its predecessors would be as absurd as it would be disingenuous. It may, however, be mentioned that the value of "The Spirit of the People" is peculiar. England, both as regards life in the metropolis and rural districts, has been subjected to the considerations of writers of almost every nationality. The English spirit has been diagnosed and analysed often enough. What makes Mr. Hueffer's new book so interesting is that it is written by an Englishman in one sense; yet, in another sense, scarcely an Englishman. The author's training has not been that of the average youth of the Established Church; yet the book is instinct with reverence and affection for that Church. Unquestionably the reader will find the many pages devoted to the religious aspect of the English spirit highly instructive; though, in lighter vein, when dealing with Englishmen's sense of the proprieties, of their devotion to sports, and their hundred other peculiarities, the author is no less engaging. From these remarks it will be judged that "The Spirit of the People" makes a wide appeal; its genial bonhomie and tolerance should ensure a favourable hearing.

In Search of the Western Sea. By LAWRENCE J. BURPEE. With large coloured map and numerous illustrations. Demy 8vo. 16s. net.

Mr. Burpee's volume, "In Search of the Western Sea," deals with some of the most exciting and most romantic episodes in the history of the exploration of North America. Mr. Burpee is librarian of the Public Library, Ottawa, and has had exceptional opportunities of obtaining access to original documents, the information contained in which has never before been published. For long after it was discovered that the North-West Passage could never be available as a route to the Pacific and to Eastern Asia, the belief was entertained that it might be possible by means of the great waterways and great lakes which cover Canada and the North United States to obtain a passage into the Pacific. It is the search for this passage with which Mr. Burpee's volume is largely concerned, but in connection with that, he covers much other ground dealing with the exploration of the great rivers running into the Arctic Basin on the one hand and into the Pacific on the other; so that the volume is really an adequate, interesting, and trustworthy history of the exploration of the whole of Western Canada and the Northern United States. It is in this respect a companion to Dr. Dawson's volume on "The Basin of the St. Lawrence." Besides a complete large map by Bartholomew of Central and Western Canada, it contains reproductions of various old contemporary maps and is profusely furnished with illustrations, many of them from contemporary records, while others are from photographs taken for the purpose. The volume will be found one of the most interesting narratives of exploration that have been published for many years.

Thomas Hood: His Life and Times. By WALTER JERROLD. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. **16s. net.**

Though over sixty years have now elapsed since the death of Thomas Hood, it is not a little strange that only one attempt has been made to tell the story of his life with any fulness. The fate of his contemporaries, and indeed many successors, has not been Thomas Hood's; he is still regarded as a writer of comic verse that is above all competitors; his share in the history of modern letters cannot be minimised; and his personality was unusually attractive and lovable. Yet the "Memorials of Thomas Hood," prepared by his son and daughter, and published in 1860, re-issued ten years later with some excisions and with but few new features, is the only sustained chronicle to which hitherto the enquirer has been able to resort. Even in the later edition the first thirty-five years of Hood's short life were dismissed in sixty-seven pages, as against 400 pages devoted to his last eleven years, while much that is inaccurate is to be noticed throughout those earlier pages. It was, therefore, a duty incumbent upon the Republic of Letters that some one, well equipped, should take up the task of writing a complete biography; that Mr. Walter Jerrold was well qualified for the undertaking has already been made sufficiently evident. The book is beautifully produced, with suitable illustrations, including coloured plates and a photogravure plate.

The Chase of the Wild Red Deer. By CHARLES PALK COLLYNS. With coloured frontispiece. **5s. net.**

A new edition of Dr. Collyns' classic needs no apology, for the time has surely come when the book should be published at a price that enables all lovers of sporting literature to number it among their possessions. The present volume includes a preface by the Hon. L. J. Bathurst, and a coloured frontispiece by Mr. Stuart.

A Guide to the Foxhounds and Stag-hounds of England. Being a new edition of the original book by "Gelert," published 1849. Demy 8vo. **3s. 6d.**

In these days of directories, there is no branch of sport which has not a complete reference book of its own. In 1849 the hunting world was quite unrepresented in this respect, and the publisher ventures to think that "Gelert's" attempt to supply the deficiency may be interesting enough to justify the issue of a new edition. The book is accompanied by an introductory chapter containing certain comments on the text, and comparisons with the present conditions of the hunting world.

The Human Harvest. By D. S. JORDAN. **2s. net.**

As may be gathered from the title, the author in this book examines the question of military selection and its effect on the human race. It is not a long book, but it is so full of shrewd common sense that on laying down the volume the reader will have acquired more food for meditation than many a work of hundreds of closely printed pages could supply.

The Siege of the North Pole. DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN. In preparation. **16s. net.**

The Contemporary Poets Series. Imp.
16mo, 1s. each net.

A Ballad of Victory, and other Poems. By
DOLLIE RADFORD.

From Inland, and other Poems. By FORD MADOX
HUEFFER.

Democratic Sonnets. W. M. ROSSETTI (2 vols.).

Repose, and Other Verses. J. MARJORAM,

The Soul's Destroyer, and Other Poems.
WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

Sealed Orders, and Other Poems. WALTER
HERRIES POLLOCK.

The theory of the Editor and publishers of this series is that, whilst to-day there exist a large body of excellent poets and a fairly considerable body of intelligent readers of poetry, there has not, of late years, been any very serious attempt made to bring the one into contact with the other. Hence an attempt to bring together a collection of small—as it were—samples of the works of poets of the most varied description, ranging from the simple lyric to the definitely political or the mere *vers de société*, published in the cheapest possible manner that is consonant with a dignified appearance and a sufficient amount of advertisement to bring the venture before the notice of the Public.

Ten Years of Locomotive Progress. By
GEORGE MONTAGU. Demy 8vo. 50 illustrations. 6s. net.

"Mr. Montagu has happily combined a good deal of useful technical knowledge with his popular treatment of the subject, and we congratulate him on a timely book which will serve to remind the public of what we owe to railway engineers. It has numerous illustrations of all the locomotive types."—Says THE SPECTATOR.

"On such a subject as this it is not easy to write for the general reader without bewildering him in places with technicalities, but the author has achieved his aim of producing a popular semi-technical work describing a remarkable movement."—

Says MR. H. G. ARCHER in THE TRIBUNE.

The Soul of London. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER.
Imp. 16mo. 5s. net.

"It is long since we came across a more attractive collection of essays on any subject, and the author is to be heartily congratulated on his success."—THE MORNING POST.

"'The Soul of London,' published to-day, is the latest and truest image of London, built up out of a series of brilliant negations that together are more hauntingly near to a composite picture of the city than anything we have ever seen before. . . ."—THE DAILY MAIL.

"Londoners should read this book; and even more certainly should countrymen and denizens of provincial cities read it."—THE STANDARD.

"There have been many books on London, written by literary men, statisticians, reformers. But no one has achieved or attempted what in this book Mr. Hueffer has done with power and fine insight."—THE DAILY NEWS.

W. M. THACKERAY.

The New Sketch Book. Being Essays now first collected from the *Foreign Quarterly*, and edited with an Introduction by ROBERT S. GARNETT. Demy 8vo.

7s. 6d. net.

The undoubted authenticity of "The New Sketch Book" has been conceded by every critic whose expert knowledge makes his judgment of value. Mr. W. L. Courtney, in the *DAILY TELEGRAPH*, says:—"The world is to be heartily congratulated on having obtained the opportunity, which Mr. Garnett's editorial care has given it, of READING NEW SPECIMENS OF THACKERAY'S LIGHT WIT, RAPIER-LIKE DEXTERITY, AND CURIOUSLY INDIVIDUAL STYLE." "No true admirer of the larger Thackeray," says Mr. Walter Jerrold in *THE TRIBUNE*, "but will welcome this book, and wish to turn to it himself and read the essay now identified with the honoured name." "The publication of the book is beyond all cavil justified" (*DAILY CHRONICLE*). "Mr. Garnett's editorial introduction is admirable, and for his labours we have nothing but praise" (*TIMES*). "We must congratulate Mr. Robert Garnett on a discovery which it is surprising that no one had made before, and on the sound critical introduction which he prefixes to these delightful essays" (*ACADEMY*). "Lovers of Thackeray need have no hesitation in placing on their shelves, in company with the master's other writings of the same fugitive order" (*WORLD*). "Here is his New Sketch Book gathered together with inspired industry by Mr. R. S. Garnett. . . . Mr. Punch places it in his archives with reverence." (*PUNCH*).

SUNDAY MORNING TALKS TO THE CHILDREN.

Spring Blossoms and Summer Fruit.

JOHN BYLES. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt. 1s. 6d. net.

The Legend of St. Mark. JOHN BYLES. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt. 1s. 6d. net.

"We can scarcely praise too highly the beauty and exquisite simplicity of these talks."—*LITERARY WORLD*.

"Each address is a model of simple excellence, being brief, thoughtful, attractive, and very much to the point."—*CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL MAGAZINE*.

The Heart of the Country. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. Imp. 16mo. 5s. net.

"We have had 'Country' books of the most varied character, from that of Gilbert White to those of Richard Jefferies; but Mr. Hueffer has taken a new and interesting line of his own, and his really beautiful work will assuredly make him many friends."—*THE DAILY TELEGRAPH*.

"There may be several opinions on the unity of the book; there can only be one, and that ENTHUSIASTICALLY ADMIRING about the parts of which it is composed."—*THE WORLD*.

"There are not many men writing English just now who have the talent—or will be at the pains—to turn out sentences and paragraphs so pleasing in texture and design as the sentences and paragraphs of Mr. Hueffer . . . who is an accomplished artist in the handling of words."—*SUNDAY SUN*.

The Small House: its Architecture and Surroundings. ARTHUR MARTIN. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. 2s. net.

"The small house' within the meaning of the title-page is not exactly a workman's cottage. It is one designed for gentlefolk. How very charming and desirable such a house may be made is shown by some of the illustrations that accompany the volume."—*GLASGOW HERALD*.

The Turk in the Balkans. T. COMYN PLATT.
Illustrated. 3s. 6d.

Abyssinia: The Ethiopian Railway and the Powers. T. L. GILMOUR. 1s. net.

Suggestions for the Better Governing of India. Sir FREDERICK S. P. LELY, C.S.I., K.C.I.E.
1s. 6d. net.

The Story of Exploration Series.

A Complete History of the Discovery of the Globe from the Earliest Records up to the present time. Edited by J. SCOTT-KELTIE, LL.D., Sec. R.G.S. Demy 8vo.

Price, per Volume, 7s. 6d. net.

The reception which every item of "The Story of Exploration" has met with at the hands of both the public and press is due to the fact that while each story is told in a manner likely to interest the general reader, it is at the same time sought to provide the student with a serious and trustworthy history of exploration, and with a summary of our knowledge of each region dealt with. A vast amount of information is condensed within a comparatively small compass, voluminous records collated and the results brought together in a concise and readable form.

Each volume of the series is complete and independent in itself, and is sold separately. The books are, however, published in uniform style and binding, and the entire series, when complete, will form what may be called a biographical history of the exploration of the world. Beginning with the earliest journeys of which records exist, and carrying their narratives down to the most recent discoveries, the several authors of the works that have so far appeared have told their allotted stories fully and with the utmost historical accuracy.

"The motto of those responsible for this invaluable series is 'Thorough.' How they are produced at this low price is a mystery to us."—*War Office Times*.

The Penetration of Arabia. D. G. HOGARTH, M.A. With over Fifty Illustrations and Maps; and also two large Maps in Colour by J. G. BARTHOLOMEW.

"It is a literary, scientific, and, we may add, a political gain to be placed in possession of a standard work describing the exploration of Arabia."—*THE ATHENÆUM*.

"Mr. Hogarth rises to true eloquence, and speaks with freedom and mastery. There is strength and justice, moreover, in his judgments of men. It is the first effective competitor that has appeared to Carl Ritter's discussion of Arabian geography, now some fifty years old."—*THE TIMES*.

"A Summary—luminous and exact—of the literature of travel in that part of the world. . . . A scholarly survey of adventurous, though tardy, geographical research."—*THE STANDARD*.

The Siege of the South Pole. The Story of Antarctic Exploration. DR. H. R. MILL, LL.D., D.Sc. With over Seventy Illustrations from Photographs, Charts and Drawings; and a large Coloured Map by J. G. BARTHOLOMEW.

"Dr. Mill writes with spirit as well as erudition; and his book is not only a larger monument of learning, but also a more entertaining composition than the works on the same topic of Herr Fricker and Mr. Balch."—*THE TIMES*.

"The author is a man of science who has the rare gift of making difficult things clear to the unscientific mind, and nothing could be better than his explanations of the importance of observations in the Antarctic to a true theory of terrestrial magnetism. . . . The accounts of most of the earlier voyages are out of print and only to be found in great libraries; and Dr. Mill has done excellent services by relating these voyages in detail, and illustrating them copiously by maps and engravings."—*THE ATHENÆUM*.

"The present volume is a triumphant demonstration of his literary insight and skill, for while making no sacrifice of scientific accuracy, he has produced a narrative of Antarctic exploration which will fascinate the intelligent schoolboy as sure as it will instruct the serious student of Polar exploration."—*MORNING POST*.

The Story of Exploration Series :

Further India. Being the Story of Exploration from the Earliest Times in Burma, Malaya, Siam and Indo-China. HUGH CLIFFORD, C.M.G., Author of "In Court and Kampong," "Studies in Brown Humanity," etc., etc. With Forty-eight Illustrations from Drawings, Photographs and Maps; and two large Maps in Colour by J. G. BARTHOLOMEW.

"Those who desire to gain a better knowledge of the past and present history of exploration in India cannot do better than read this excellent book."—THE FIELD.

"All that has been written and published in Mr. Clifford has industriously examined and collated, and he has arranged it in consecutive narratives, abounding in dramatic episodes or exciting incidents. The story is as intricate as it is interesting."—THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"Another volume in this most excellent series. Mr. Clifford has produced a thoroughly readable, trustworthy and fascinating book, well indexed and well illustrated."—THE ACADEMY.

The St. Lawrence Basin and its Borderlands. DR. S. E. DAWSON, Litt.D., F.R.S.C. With Forty-eight Illustrations from Drawings and Photographs; and a large Coloured Map by J. G. BARTHOLOMEW.

"In its pages the reader will find a mass of information which he could only collect for himself by years of study; he will also receive great assistance from the reproduction of maps with which the book is furnished; while the illustrations will enable him to form a very good idea of this portion of the Canadian Dominion, both as regards its past and present condition. In conclusion, we would again call the attention of our readers to this valuable series of works. They are all written by men who are undoubted authorities on the different countries they describe, they are all furnished with maps, nicely illustrated, and should find a place on the shelves of every well-regulated library."—THE FIELD.

"The story of the discovery and exploration of the north-eastern part of the continent of North America, a story peculiarly rich in historical, geographical, and adventurous interest, has been told once more, and told very fully and well by Dr. S. E. Dawson . . . whose narrative, as a whole, does complete and careful justice to every aspect of a story of progressive exploration as replete with varied interest and moving adventure as any in the history of the world."—THE WORLD.

"He is writing a geographical rather than a political history, and, incidentally, demonstrates how interesting that can be made."—THE STANDARD.

The Nile Quest. A Record of the Exploration of the Nile and its Basin, by SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. With over Seventy Illustrations from Drawings and Photographs by the Author and by others. Maps by J. G. BARTHOLOMEW.

"The record of the quest could not fail to be a fascinating story. Sir Harry Johnston has done a useful service in setting forth the often tangled results of African exploration in a clear narrative."—THE SPECTATOR.

"Few men are better fitted than Sir Harry Johnston to tell the tale of 'The Nile Quest.' He traces the routes of successive travellers, prefacing each narrative with brief biographical sketches. . . . He holds the balance with judicial impartiality, and vindicates some unjustly discredited reputations. . . . It is singularly attractive, and some of his descriptions of scenery and the native races may vie with the best of the extracts from the works of eloquent travellers."—THE TIMES.

"We know of no book in which the whole history of Nile exploration, from the earliest times up to the very latest discoveries in the Sobat and Bahr-el-Ghazel regions, is narrated so fully and accurately as it is here."—THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

Tibet the Mysterious. By COL. SIR THOS. HOLDICH, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., C.B. With Fifty Illustrations from Photographs and Charts, and a large Coloured Map.

"It is a story full of notable and romantic episodes, and it is brilliantly narrated by Sir Thomas Holdich, who gives, moreover, graphic descriptions of the country itself and its people. No more fascinating book on Tibet has appeared."—*Truth*.

"Deserving of the warmest recognition."—*Birmingham Post*.

"Every page of his book bears witness to the thoroughness of his methods, and there are several maps which will be of great value to geographical students."—*Dundee Courier*.

"Most of those who read the volume on the exploration of Tibet, by Sir Thomas Holdich, will agree that it takes the first place for interest of narrative and ability of compilation in the whole series."—*Daily Mail*.

"Altogether indispensable to the serious student of Tibet the Mysterious."—*Daily News*.

Rivers's Popular Gift Books.

The Pinafore Library. Crown 16mo.
Per Set in Case, **2s. 6d.** net.

The time is ripe for a novelty in children's books, and the "Pinafore Library" is altogether a fresh departure. Here are five delightful little volumes, all written by authors of repute, which, while full of fascination for the youngest child, possess undeniable literary distinction. The bright and attractive appearance given to these little books by the artistic pictorial paper boards, and the delicately executed and fanciful end-papers cannot fail to enhance the merits of this series.

Christina's Fairy Book. FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

The Travelling Companions.

LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

Highways and Byways in Fairyland.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

The Fairy Doll. NETTA SYRETT.

Who's Who in Fairyland. ANNE PYNE.

Willie Westinghouse Edison Smith. The
Boy Inventor. By FRANK CRANE.

Little Sammy Sneeze. By WINSOR McCAY. Two
new and amusing flat books in which the pictures tell the
story. Each **3s. 6d.** net.

The Zoo: A Scamper. By WALTER EMANUEL. With
Illustrations by JOHN HASSALL. **1s.** net.

The Magic Jujubes. By THEODORA WILSON WILSON,
Author of "Our Joshua," etc. With eight illustrations by
J. W. HAMMICK. **3s. 6d.**

The Guide to Fairyland. Written and illustrated
by DION CLAYTON CALTHROP. Crown 4to. **5s.** net.

The Faery Year. By G. A. B. DEWAR. 336 pp. Demy
8vo, with eight illustrations. **7s. 6d.**

Miscellaneous Publications.

Peter Binney, Undergraduate. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. A 'Varsity Story. 6s.

Signs of the Times, or the Hustlers' Almanac for 1907. By the Authors of "Wisdom while you Wait." Profusely Illustrated. 1s. net.

Sessional: Big Ben Ballads. By the Authors of "The Great Crusade." Illustrated. 1s. net.

Change for a Halfpenny. By the Authors of "Signs of the Times." Profusely Illustrated. 1s. net.

Mixed Maxims, or Proverbs of the Professor. By MONTE CARLO. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net.

More Cricket Songs. NORMAN GALE. Imp. 16mo. 2s. net.

Home Made History. HANSARD WATT. Imp. 16mo. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net.

The Polo Annual for 1907. Edited by L. V. L. SIMMONDS. 1s. net.



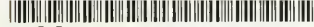
THE LADY OF "OUR VILLAGE."

One of Thomas Hood's Drawings.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.



AA 000 951 641 0

DT
917
B83n

